

THE CRITIC

OF BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, PUBLISHERS, LIBRARIANS, ARTISTS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS, AND BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

No. 194. VOL. VIII.

[MAY 1, 1849.]
Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

Price 6d.
Stamped copies, $\frac{1}{4}$ d. extra.

Art.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.
THE FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, PALL-MALL EAST, each day from nine till dusk. Admittance, One Shilling. Catalogue, Sixpence.
GEORGE FRIPP.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS
IN WATER COLOURS. The Fifteenth Annual Exhibition of this Society is now open at their Gallery, FIFTY THREE, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, from 9 o'clock till dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogues 6d.
JAMES FAHEY Secretary.

THE FINE ART SUBSCRIPTION
GALLERY for the LOAN of WORKS of ART.—S. and J. FULLER respectfully invite the Patrons of Art to VIEW their Subscription Gallery for the Loan of Works of Art. Every department will contribute examples to the Collection—Landscape, Figures, Animals, Flowers, Fruit, Architecture, Ornamental and Decorative Designs, and the Original Works of the Principal Water-Colour Painters. N. B.—The terms, which have been arranged to meet all classes, will be forwarded, post-paid, to all parts of the kingdom.—34 and 35, Rathbone-place.
** VARNISHING executed in a superior manner.

Amusements.

ROYAL COLOSSEUM
and CYCLOPAMA, Regent's Park and Albany-street.—The COLOSSEUM includes the Colossal Panorama of PARIS by NIGHT, Museum of Sculpture, Conservatories, Swiss Cottage, Classic Ruins, &c. Open daily, from half-past Ten (Panorama at Twelve) till half-past Five; and in the Evening, from Seven till half-past Ten. Music from Two till Five, and during the evening. The CYCLOPAMA, with a moving Panorama (unequaled in extent) of LISBON, the magnificent scenery of the Tagus, and Earthquake of 1755, is exhibited at half-past Two and Four; and in the Evening at half-past Seven and Nine, illustrated by appropriate Music on the New Grand Apollo-nicon.—Admission to either Establishment, 2s.; to both, 3s.; reserved seats to the Cycloorama, 6d. extra; children and schools, half-price. N. B. The Stalactite Caverns 6d. each person.

Sale.

VALUABLE LIBRARY OF A GENTLEMAN.
PUTTICK AND SIMPSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property, will sell by Auction, at their Great Room, 191, Piccadilly, on MONDAY, May 7th and three following Days, at One o'Clock most punctually, the VALUABLE LIBRARY of a Gentleman, including many fine Books in handsome bindings, Books of Prints, Works illustrative of the Fine Arts, a capital selection of the works of the best Historians, Poets, and Dramatists, English and Foreign, and Facsimile and Fugitive Pieces. Catalogues will be sent on application.

New Publications.

PARLEY'S UNIVERSAL HISTORY.
ASK FOR TEGG'S EDITION.
Bound in crimson cloth, with Plates and Maps, price 4s. 6d.
PETER PARLEY'S TALES ABOUT
UNIVERSAL HISTORY, on the basis of Geography, for the use of Families and Schools. Fifth Edition.
List of Parley's Popular Works sent free.
London: WILLIAM TEGG and Co., Pancras Lane, Cheapside.

KEY TO RUTHERFORD'S MATHEMATICS.
Just Published, bound in cloth, 8vo., price 7s.
A KEY TO RUTHERFORD'S
EDITION OF HUTTON'S COURSE OF MATHEMATICS, as adapted to the Course of Instruction now pursued in the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Containing Solutions to all the Exercises, from the beginning of Simple Equations to the end of the Course. By JAMES HICKIE, Esq., Teacher of Mathematics in the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution.
The New Edition of RUTHERFORD'S HUTTON'S MATHEMATICS, 8vo., cloth, is now ready, price 12s.
London: WILLIAM TEGG and Co., Pancras Lane, Cheapside, and EDWARD HOWELL, Liverpool.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEWOMAN.

New and cheaper Edition, Foolscap 8vo. cloth, price 4s.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEWOMAN;
or a Practical Manual for Young Ladies on their Entrance into Society. By a LADY.

* This work is intended chiefly for young ladies of the upper classes of English Society. The object of the writer is, by the experience of a life passed in those circles which constitute what is called "the world," to supply those who are entering into a new and busy sphere with some of the practical benefits of observation and reflection; to propound the elements of that species of knowledge, which, contrary to other sciences, is usually acquired by blunders and errors.

THE ENGLISH MATRON.

A new and cheaper Edition, Foolscap 8vo. cloth, price 4s.

THE ENGLISH MATRON;
or, a Practical Manual for Young Wives. By a LADY.

* In her former work, intended for the preparation of Young Ladies for Society, the Author enforced in the most strenuous manner the imperative necessity of cultivating the mind and of forming the habits. The present volume is calculated to show in what way the previous efforts are likely to bear upon the happiness of a married life.

London: WILLIAM TEGG and Co., Pancras Lane, Cheapside.

GORDON'S INTEREST TABLES.

Just Published, a New Edition, bound in roan, 12mo., Price 5s. 6d.

INTEREST TABLES AT FIVE
PER CENT. from 1 Day to 365 Days, 1 Month to 12 Months, 1 Year to 10 Years. With Tables showing Interest at 5 per cent. reduced to $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, 3, 2, and 2 per cent.; Tables of Commission or Brokerage, &c. By JAMES GORDON, Accountant.

* By these Tables, the interest of any sum not exceeding 100l. and for any number of days not exceeding 365, can be obtained by one inspection. For example: "Required the interest of 84l. for 251 days?" On turning to page 251, opposite to the sum 84l. principal, is the answer 2l. 17s. 9d. interest. And, to find the interest of any sum not exceeding 365l. for any number of days not exceeding 100, it is only necessary to reverse the time for the sum, thus: "Required the interest of 350l. for 93 days?" By turning to page 350, opposite to the sum 93l. principal, is the answer 4l. 9s. 2d. interest. In selecting the Type, regard has been paid to clearness and distinctness; and the introduction of Egyptian figures at the tens, will, it is hoped, give increased facility to the eye in running over the columns.

London: WILLIAM TEGG and Co., Pancras Lane, Cheapside, and GRIFFIN and Co., Glasgow.

POPULAR EDITION OF MR. TUPPER'S TALES.

On June 1st will be published, price 2s. 6d., a cheap Reprint of

THE CROCK OF GOLD.
By MARTIN F. TUPPER, Esq., with an Illustration by LEECH.

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE and Co., 25, Paternoster Row.

MR. BENTLEY'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MR. ELIOT WARBURTON'S

PRINCE RUPERT AND THE CAVALIERS,

3 Vols. 8vo., with numerous Portraits.

(This day, April 30.)

MR. C. O'REILLY'S

NARRATIVE OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE WHITE NILE

From the German of WERNE. 2 Vols., Map and Plates.

(This day, April 30.)

MR. ROBERT BELL'S

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR;

Forming the concluding Volumes of the FAIRFAX CORRESPONDENCE. 2 Vols. Portraits.

(This day, April 30.)

RICHARD BENTLEY, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

On the 30th instant, in One Volume, Imperial 4to., 1l. 1s., Lithographed in two tints, and slightly coloured,

MOOLTAN. A Series of Sketches before, during, and after the Siege. By JOHN DUNLOP, M.D., Assistant Surgeon to H. M. 32nd Regiment. The Work will contain Views of Mooltan from various points before and after the Siege—Edwardes's Troops—General Courtland's Artillery Brigade—Inhabitants of Mooltan—Camel Driving—Camp Followers—Portraits of Moolraj Singhs, brothers—Struggle in the Streets of Mooltan—Funeral of Henry Vans Agnew and S. Anderson—winding up the Breach into Mooltan—Scenes in the Trenches, &c., &c.

London: Wm. S. ORR & Co., Amen Corner, Paternoster-Row.

This day is published, with 70 Woodcut Illustrations, fcap. 8vo., price 5s.,

THE SEA-SIDE BOOK:
being an Introduction to the Natural History of the British Coasts. By W. H. HARVEY, M.D., M.R.I.A., Keeper of the Herbarium of the University of Dublin, and Professor of Botany to the Royal Dublin Society.

JOHN VAN VOORST, 1, Paternoster-row.

This day is published, in post 8vo., with Four Tinted Lithographic Views, price 7s. 6d.,

ORNITHOLOGICAL RAMBLES in SUSSEX; with a Systematic Catalogue of the Birds of that County, and Remarks on their Local Distribution, by A. E. KNOX, M.A., F.L.S., F.Z.S.
"A. E. Knox, Esq., is well located on our southern coast for observations on the migratory birds, and bestows time and great attention to the subject."—*Farrall's History of British Birds*, Vol. I. page 404, Second Edition.

JOHN VAN VOORST, 1, Paternoster-row.

This day is published,

THE SOUL: HER SORROWS AND HER ASPIRATIONS. An Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul, as the Basis of Theology. By FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. Post 8vo., cloth, price 6s.

CONTENTS:

1. Contents of the Infinite without us.
2. Sense of Sin.
3. Sense of personal Relation to God.
4. Progress of the Spirit.
5. Hopes concerning Future Life.
6. Prospects of Christianity.

London: JOHN CHAPMAN, 142, Strand.

Now Ready, price 2s. cloth, or by post for 2s. 6d.,

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE;
or How to Live and What to Live For; with ample rules for Diet, Regimen, and Self-Management; together with Instructions for securing Perfect Health, Longevity, and that sterling state of happiness only attainable through the judicious observance of a well-regulated course of life. By a PHYSICIAN.

London: KENT and RICHARDS, Paternoster Row.

VALUABLE BOOKS,
IN FINE CONDITION, AND WARRANTED PERFECT, NOW ON
SALE BY

WILLIAM ANDREWS,
No. 7, CORN-STREET, BRISTOL.

Abbotsford Waverley Novels, 12 Vols., cloth, 6l. 6s.
Alison's History of Europe, 10 Vols., 8vo., calf gilt,
fine set, 6l. 6s.

Annual Register (Doddsley's), 1758 to 1832, 74 Vols.,
54 half Russia, and 20 in boards, 6l. 6s.

Arnot's Physics, 2 Vols., boards, 1l. 8s.

Art de Vérifier les Dates des faits Historiques,
6 Vols., royal folio, large paper, original blue morocco gilt,
gilt leaves, a beautiful set, 12l. 12s.

Biblia Sacra Polyglotta, Waltonus et Castelli Lexicon.
Portrait, with two Dedications, 8 Vols., folio, Russia, ruled
with red lines, fine copy, 23l. 15s.

Biblia Sacra Polyglotta, Lee, thick folio, large paper,
calf extra, fine copy, 6l. 16s. 6d. Bagster, 1831

Blackwood's Magazine, complete set to 1848, 62 Vols.,
half calf gilt, uniform, 12l. 12s.

Blakeway's Sheriffs of Shropshire, royal folio, boards,
coloured, 4l. 14s. 6d.

Botanical Register, by Edwards and Lindley, coloured
plates, 1827 to Jan. 1841, 13 Vols., royal 8vo., boards, uncut,
8l. 18s. 6d.

Byron's Works, 8 Vols., 8vo., calf, extra gilt, 2l. 15s.
1839

Cabinet Cyclopædia (Dr. Lardner's), complete set,
in 133 Vols., cloth, very clean, 18l. 18s. 1835-47

Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, 32 Vols., 8vo.,
half calf gilt, fine set, 6l. 16s. 6d.

Comingsby's (Thomas, Earl of) Collection concerning
the Manor of Marden, in the County of Hereford, folio, large
paper, clean and perfect, 21l.

Coxe's Duke of Marlborough, large paper, with the
Arms coloured, 3 Vols., 4to., boards, 5l. 3s. 1818

Curtis's Botanical Magazine, by Hooker, coloured
plates, 65 Vols., 8vo., beautiful set, uniform, bright calf gilt,
21l. 1793-38

Dibdin's Decameron, 3 Vols., large paper, Russia
extra, gilt leaves, 15l. 15s.

Northern Tear, 3 Vols., large paper, boards,
6l. 6s.

Typographical Antiquities, 4 Vols., large
paper, original boards, 6l. 16s. 6d.

Dryden's Works, by Sir Walter Scott, 18 Vols., royal
8vo., large paper, calf gilt, fine set, 8l. 8s. 1808

Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum, 8 Vols., folio, original
subscriber's copy, half bound in maroon morocco, top
edges gilt, fine copy, 21l. 10s. 1817-30

Encyclopædia Britannica, 7th and last Edition, com-
plete in 42 half Vols., cloth lettered, clean set, 18l. 18s.

Family (The) Library (Murray's), complete set,
80 Vols., cloth, clean, 7l. 7s.

Gibson's Codex Juris Ecclesiastici Anglicani, 2 Vols.,
royal folio, bright calf gilt, marbled leaves, fine copy, best
edition, 6l. 16s. 6d. 1761

Gill's (Dr.) Commentary, 9 Vols., folio, calf gilt, with
an Autograph Letter, 9l. 9s. 1768

Goldsmith's Works, by Prior, 6 Vols., 8vo., cloth,
clean, 2l. 2s. 1837

Goode's Divine Rule of Faith and Practice, 2 Vols.,
8vo., cloth, 1l. 16s. 1842

Higgins's Celtic Druids, 4to., boards, uncut, 2l. 15s.
1827

Hoare's Modern Wilts, containing the Hundreds of
Mere, Branch, Dole, Everley, Ambresbury, Dunworth, and
Vale of Noddre, Chalk, S. Damerham, Cawden, Downton,
Westbury, and Warminster, 7 Vols., royal folio, large paper,
fine plates, original subscriber's copy, boards, 9l. 9s.

Kip's Views of the Palaces, Castles, Seats, Mansions,
Parks, &c., in Great Britain, with the Audley End, 6 Vols.,
in 4, folio, large paper, a beautiful copy, original calf gilt,
23l. 15s.

Knight's Pictorial England, complete, with the Por-
traits, 11 Vols., royal 8vo., half bound, uncut, original copy,
5l. 5s.

Shakspeare, original copy, complete in 56 parts,
clean, 3l. 8s.

Law Journal Reports, complete set in 36 Vols., 4to.,
uniform, bound, half law calf, 1823 to 1848, 21l. 10s.

Howard's England, 14 Vols., 8vo., half bound, mo-
rocco, top edge gilt, 4l. 4s. 1823

Howard's Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great
Britain, 12 Vols., half Russia, uncut, an original copy, 6l. 6s.
1823

Musée Français, 4 Vols., imperial folio, a fine copy,
morocco, extra gilt leaves, 23l. 15s.

Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula, 6 Vols.,
8vo., boards, 3l. 18s.

Ditto, 6 Vols., bright calf gilt, 4l. 4s.

Nares's Glossary, 4to., boards, 2l. 2s. 1822

Saxon Chronicle, by Ingram, 4to., calf extra, 2l. 2s.
1823

Shakspeare, 1623; reprint, folio, 1807, calf, neat,
1l. 11s. 6d.

Ditto, by Malone and Boswell, best edition,
21 Vols., 8vo., bright calf gilt, fine set, 8l. 8s. 1821

Sowerby's English Botany, coloured plates, original
copy, 36 Vols., 8vo., half bound, 21l. 10s.

Stow's London, by Strype, 2 Vols., folio, calf extra
marbled leaves, a beautiful clean copy, 3l. 18s. 1720

Swift's Works, by Sir Walter Scott, 19 Vols., 8vo.,
tall copy, bright calf gilt, by Hayday, 10l. 10s. 1824

Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, complete
set, 1832, 15 Vols., 4to., half Russia, marbled leaves, and
4 Vols. in boards, fine set, 4l. 14s. 6d. 1787-1832

Vallancey's (Col. Charles) Collectanea de Rebus
Hibernicis, complete, 6 Vols., 8vo., Russia, fine set, 6l. 6s.

Whitaker's Richmondshire, 2 Vols., folio, half mo-
rocco, top edge gilt, 6l. 16s. 6d. 1823

Just Published, Part IV., 1849, of WILLIAM ANDREWS'S
CATALOGUE of RARE and VALUABLE BOOKS, recently
purchased from the Libraries of Viscountess Bolingbroke,
Forney; Edmund Turner, Esq., M.P., Treasr.; Lady Wil-
loughby, Bath; Stowe House; and the Right Rev. Bishop
Mant, &c. &c., now on Sale at 7, Corn-street, Bristol.

* Libraries Purchased on Cash Terms.

MESSRS. DEAN AND SON invite
the attention of those engaged in tuition to the
following reviews, selected from a large number, recommen-
datory of Miss Corner as an historian for the school room.

"Miss Corner is an excellent historian for the school
room."—*Pedagogue*.

"Miss Corner is concise in matter yet perspicuous in style
definite in narration yet accurate in record, comprehensive
in reference yet simple in arrangement."—*Devonport Inde-
pendent*.

"Miss Corner writes intelligibly and fluently, with much
easy and winning grace."—*Magazine of Arts and Sciences*.

"The beauty of composition throughout the writings of
Miss Corner is singular and fascinating."—*Zion*.

"Miss Corner has acquired a deserved celebrity for the
singularly attractive and intelligible manner she has in nar-
rating history."—*Critic*.

CORNER'S ACCURATE HISTORIES, commencing at the
earliest periods and continued to the present time, are
interspersed with faithful descriptions of the manners, the
domestic habits, and condition of the people. In different
epochs of their history, and consist of

The Histories of	Bound with the Questions.	Without. Questions.
ENGLAND and WALES; five fine plates, and map	4s. ...	3s. 6d.
IRELAND; three fine plates, and map	3s. ...	2s. 6d.
SCOTLAND; three fine plates, and map	3s. ...	2s. 6d.
FRANCE; three fine plates, and map 3s. ...	3s. ...	2s. 6d.
SPAIN and PORTUGAL; three fine plates, and map	3s. ...	2s. 6d.
DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY: two plates and map	2s. 6d.	
GERMANY; including Austria; three fine plates and map	3s. 6d.	
TURKEY and OTTOMAN EMPIRE; three fine plates and map	3s. 6d.	
POLAND and RUSSIA; three fine plates and map	3s. 6d.	
ITALY and SWITZERLAND; three fine plates and map	3s. 6d.	
HOLLAND and BELGIUM; two fine plates and map	2s. 6d.	
ROME; third edition, with Questions to each chapter, and a full Chronological Table	3s. 6d.	

A detailed Prospectus of the above Histories, by Miss
Corner, may be had for distribution, free, on application.

Just published, with illustrations, price 1s., sewed, or
1s. 6d., bound, the fourth edition of the PLAY GRAMMAR,
by MISS CORNER. Also, by the same author, and at same
price, EVERY CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, for the
junior classes.

Charles Butler's Guide to Useful Knowledge; an easy
Catechism of the most useful information. 1s. 6d., bound
in cloth.—Charles Butler's Easy Guide to Geography, and
Use of the Globes. Seven maps, 2s., or without the maps
and Use of the Globes, 1s. 6d., bound.

London: Dean and Son, 35, Threadneedle-street; and by
order of all booksellers.

PROSPECTUS OF THE LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

FOR THE PURPOSE OF

Assurance of Leaseholds, Assurance of Ecclesiastical
Assurance of Copyholds, Property,
Assurance of Titles.

(Provisionally Registered.)

THIS SOCIETY is to be established for
the purpose of extending to property the same prin-
ciple of assurance that is now so extensively applied for
security against the uncertainties of life, or the risk of fire,
of the sea, and even of the dishonesty of individuals.

By far the greater portion of the interests in Real Property
in the United Kingdom are of uncertain tenure. All these
are capable of being converted into *certainities* by means of
the principle of assurance, thus rendering them at all times
available for the purposes of sale or of mortgage at their full
value.

In the metropolis, and most of the large towns, nine-tenths
of the house-property is held upon leases of greater or less
duration. In all such cases the purchaser either sinks his
capital in the purchase of his lease, or is liable to a large ex-
penditure for repairs at the expiration of it. In the one case,
it would be extremely convenient for him to recover back
the amount of his purchase money; in the other, to be pro-
vided with the means of meeting the cost of the required
repairs. This also may be effected by means of assurance.

So it is with Ecclesiastical Property, as Advowsons, &c.,
the greater portion of which are held for uncertain interests,
and which, by assurance, may be converted into *certainities*.

And so with Copyhold Interests of all kinds.

All property held on lives may be made practically of the
value of freehold by the like process, and this may be done
most conveniently where fines are to be paid on renewal.
By assurance with this society the means will be provided
for meeting such payments, and all policies will be
INDISPUTABLE.

Lastly, there is an immense mass of property in the United
Kingdom having titles which, although not *bad*, are un-
marketable, by reason of some defect in the evidence. The
consequence of this is always inconvenience, and often ruin,
to families, and delay to creditors. Such property can, by
means of the same principle of assurance, or rather of guaran-
tee, be made marketable; and there can be no doubt that
such a system of assurance or guarantee may be established,
with great benefit to the community, and with great profit
to the society.

Such are the purposes of this Society. The field is an
ample one; it is entirely unoccupied; its perfect practica-
bility will be apparent on a moment's reflection, and of its
securing a large and profitable business no doubt can be
entertained.

Although a large subscribed capital will be desirable, only
a very small sum will require to be paid up. In shares of
20l. a deposit of 2s. 6d. per share for preliminary expenses,
and a call of 15s. per share in addition, will amply suffice;
and as the whole capital will be at once invested, interest at
four per cent. will be paid upon it from the beginning, five
per cent. as soon as profits are realised, and all further profits
will be added by way of bonus to the shares.

It is not proposed to limit the issue or holding of shares to
members of the profession, but to permit any persons to be-
come shareholders. But, as the sum paid up will be so very
small, no person will be permitted to hold less than five
shares, not more than 300.

In order to prevent the incurring of preliminary expenses
and that the public may be assured of the *bona fides* and
respectability of the Society, it has been resolved, that the
deposit shall not be expected to be paid until so many shares
are subscribed for as will be required for the purpose of com-
plete registration, when, its success being certain, the most
influential direction can be obtained.

In the meanwhile, the business of the Society will be con-
ducted at the LAW TIMES Office, the proposal having emanated
from that Journal, which will undertake the risk of all the
expenses until the requisite shares are subscribed; and the
character of the proposition will, it is hoped, be accepted
upon faith of the character of the Journal by which it has
been suggested, in the belief that it will be thus conferring a
great boon upon the community.

Every attorney will be an *ex officio* agent, at the usual
commission.

Application for shares, in the form below, to be addressed
to the Publisher of the LAW TIMES, 29, Essex Street, Strand.

(Form of application for shares.)

TO THE PROMOTERS OF THE LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE
SOCIETY.

Gentlemen,

Be pleased to allot me shares in this Society, and I under-
take to pay the deposit of 2s. 6d. per share thereon, to be applied
to the preliminary expenses as soon as a sufficient number of
shares are taken to permit of complete registration, and to ex-
ecute the deed of settlement when required.

Yours, &c.

Dated

Name

Address

NOTICE.

The First Quarterly Part of The Critic for 1849—dated April 11—is now ready, price 3s. 6d., in a wrapper. In this form it is peculiarly convenient for Book-Clubs, and Libraries, and distant readers.

The Critic is sent Stamped by Post to any Circulating Library keeper in the United Kingdom, at the cost of the Stamp and Paper only: 1. c. on pre-payment in Postage Stamps, of 3s. for a Half-year, or 5s. 6d. for a Year.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

SCIENCE—	
Smee's Elements of Electro-Biology	191
BIOGRAPHY—	
Memoirs of Francis Horner	192
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS—	
Curzon's Visits to Monasteries in the Levant	192
Sirr's China and the Chinese	194
Townsend's Rambles and Observations in New South Wales	196
FICTION—	
Lady Alice, or the New Una	198
Family Fallings	199
The Sea Lions: or the Lost Sealers	199
Owen Tudor	200
Dudley Cranbourne	200
The Course of Revolution	200
Eighteen-hundred and Twelve	200
NATURAL HISTORY—	
St. John's Tour in Sutherlandshire	200
POETRY AND THE DRAMA—	
Harding's Poems, Valentines, and Ballads	203
Putnam's Satire upon the Authors of America	204
The Works of Frederick Schiller	205
RELIGION—	
Knowles's Rock of Rome	205
Cavendish's Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury	206
EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS	206
PERIODICALS AND SERIALS	206
MISCELLANEOUS	206
SMALL FRAY OF LITERATURE	207
MENTAL PHILOSOPHY:—The Zoist	207
ART:—	
Society of British Artists	208
MUSIC	209
Musical Chat-Chat	209
THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS	209
SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS	209
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS	210
NECROLOGY—	
Samuel Hibbert Ware	210
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—	
Gossip of the Literary World	210
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS	210
ADVERTISEMENTS	189, 190, 211, 212

SCIENCE.

Elements of Electro-Biology, or The Voltaic Mechanism of Man; of Electro-Pathology, especially of the Nervous System; and of Electro-Therapeutics. By ALFRED SMEE, F.R.S. London: Longman, Brown, and Co. 1849.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE concluding portion of Mr. SMEE's work will prove more interesting to the medical, than to the general, reader. It treats almost exclusively of the remedial application of the science to the various ills "which flesh is heir to." The Author frankly confesses that this part of electro-biology yet remains to be developed. Important results will doubtless ensue from this new theory of the mechanism of the human frame, but at present so little is known of the mode of employing electricity, that we must blame our own ignorance and not deny all future utility to the science because we meet with disappointments in our first experiments. Mr. SMEE repudiates the empiric use of galvanic rings, &c.; and speaking of the failures in the practical application of electricity, relating to agricultural purposes, he says:—

The world some time since was startled by the announcement that electricity materially enhanced the growth of plants. Electro-culture was to supersede every other form of culture, and manures were to be exchanged for the voltaic force. Further investigations proved these hopes to be groundless; and the influence of electricity upon plant-growth, remains yet unknown.

In nature, we have, during the thunder-cloud, vast quantities of electricity of high tension passing; an effect which, as we cannot imitate, we are unable to employ for the purposes of experiment.

It is remarkable how every fresh step in scientific investigation proves the wonderful adaptation of every part and every sensation of our bodies.

We know that the heart is beating, but we cannot distinguish all the minute parts of each beat, as we can the minute movements of the fingers, or other parts of the body. . . . It will not be difficult to conceive a being who shall be cognisant of every single change taking place in his body; but whilst, in this respect we must admit our imperfect organization, yet we have reason to rejoice at the goodness of providence in having withheld that knowledge from us. How miserable would be the being who saw mentally every step in the growth of tubercles in the lungs, or other fatal disease; and to what danger should we be exposed, if the assimilation of our food, or the action of our hearts were regulated by our own volition.

Our Author here describes the effect of temperature on the human frame.

From these experiments it follows, that the phenomena of animal life which depends upon electric currents, are entirely controlled by heat and cold. Heat first excites, then exhausts the powers of the part on which it acts; cold depresses them at last to fatal inaction. As in the voltaic battery sufficient cold will always stop action, so in the human body deficiency of temperature will cause the cessation of feeling and even life itself. Cold is extremely valuable in causing sleep; and a cold cloth to the top of the head, or the application of cold water over the body till chilliness is produced, will produce sleep after all narcotics have failed, or under circumstances when they are inadmissible. The most violent paroxysms of hysteria and insanity have in my hands yielded to cold applications, when other means have been tried and failed. The influence of temperature on cell-life is equally conspicuous, as we find that each plant and each animal has a certain temperature at which it best thrives; and that any deviation therefrom interferes with its nutrition and growth. Inasmuch as we are but ill acquainted with the forces of cell-life, it is uncertain whether these results are due to the influence on electrical currents.

Mr. SMEE considers that, in cases of deafness, electricity might be advantageously employed, as also to alleviate neuralgic pains. The following bears somewhat on the subject of mesmeric phenomena.

I have lately, myself, had to report upon a curious case, where relation was disturbed, and the insane party thought that a gentleman was affecting the bodies of other individuals, causing a cancer in one, consumption in a second, and rheumatism in a third. Two of these parties actually died of cancer and consumption; and the party supposed to affect them was in the same establishment.

Mr. SMEE strongly and very properly reprobates our system of managing lunatic asylums. Without doubt, many and dark are the tales that could be revealed by the wretched victims of cupidity or hatred, who are immolated in our asylums. And the sternest heart would shrink in horror if it knew the amount of human suffering which is daily, hourly, being endured by the really insane, who are unfortunately as capable of feeling as ourselves. This dreadful misery is not the necessary consequence of madness, for, as our Author observes, "insane thoughts alone should be controlled," whereas the unhappy maniac is placed immediately in a state of duration that would in time unsettle the intellect of the most sane.

They have a better system abroad, for we remember being told by a friend who visited one of these institutions in Italy, that with the exception of the principal and two or three

others, the inmates of the asylum were all mad, including the domestics, mechanics, and labourers connected with the establishment. Each person had some vocation, taking care of course that it should not relate to the peculiar subject of the individual's mental derangement. By this excellent system cures are far more frequently effected than with us, and there can be no comparison as to the comfort and happiness of the unfortunate lunatics, who surely deserve that our best efforts should be used for ameliorating their pitiable condition.

In speaking of the subject of insanity, Mr. SMEE says,—

Whenever there is a fixed insane thought, or thought occurring in the brain without external cause, the normal balance of the electro-biological circuit will be disturbed, and some action may ensue in consequence of the insane idea. . . . In all cases of insanity, electro-biology teaches that a sufficient control should be imposed upon the individual to prevent any such attempt. But this control, and this confinement, should never exceed that absolutely required to prevent damage to himself, or to those around him. In the incipient stages of insanity, this control and continual watchfulness is most required, because we cannot tell to what extent the insane thought may extend. At a later stage of the malady electro-biology clearly shows that a strong moral impression may control an insane thought; thus a party will be kept from doing wrong by knowing that it will lead to present inconvenience to himself; or, in other words, that if the patient acted according to the manner in which his insanity led him, he would be punished.

This class of unfortunates, notwithstanding all the laws enacted in their favour, still require more attention from the legislature. Although insane, they are capable of as much enjoyment as other people, and ought to have every means of enjoyment allowed them. Unless there is a decided reason to apprehend that mischief may arise, they should have every liberty suitable to their unfortunate case. Imprisonment in mad-houses, without sufficient occasion, is a very serious affair; and perhaps nothing but a specific examination of all the facts of every insane case periodically, will prevent relatives, or so-called friends, from occasionally making a traffic of the mental afflictions of rich lunatics. Insane thoughts alone should be controlled and prevented from acting injuriously; and in all other respects they should be allowed to have every comfort, enjoyment, and pleasure which their means and their inclination can afford, and their medical treatment safely admit of. . . . No affliction is equal to that of insanity, and in mad-houses, every mode of assuaging this heaviest affliction of humanity should be carefully studied on all occasions.

In concluding our notice of Mr. SMEE's book on electro-biology, we again repeat that the patient investigation, the scientific accuracy, and the spirit of true philosophy characterizing all the writings of the learned Author, deserve the highest meed of praise. In contradiction to the saying of some one, that "modesty and merit are merely a pretty alliteration" we make a short extract from the last page in the work before us.

Throughout this treatise, I have felt, in every department, my inability to do justice to the subject, which I have found to be far beyond my powers, either of physical capabilities to observe, or of mind to appreciate. Nevertheless, every step which I took, indicated more clearly that a task of this character, however imperfect, was required by investigators of science. In attempting to detail my experiments upon the subject, and in pretending to offer my own thoughts upon these experiments to the world, I felt that I should perhaps justly incur the censure of some individuals. My object, however, has been to endeavour to incite others who may have more leisure, greater capability, and higher mental endowments than myself to follow this investigation.

In submitting this work to the public, I may state that its development has afforded to me unmixed delight

and with respect to the opinion which other philosophers, after due deliberation, may be led to form of its contents, I can only say in the words of the immortal Harvey, "spes mea in amore veritatis et dictorum animorum candore."

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Francis Horner. Part 1. Edinburgh: Chambers.

THIS is a reprint, with some curtailments, of the biography of Mr. HORNER, the political economist, which appeared some years since in the usual octavo form, and at the then wonted price of great books. It enjoyed considerable popularity, and abounding, as it does, in materials for the practical instruction of readers of all ages, but especially of the young, by the example of successful industry and integrity, private and public, Messrs. CHAMBERS have purchased the copyright, and now have introduced it into their Library of Instruction and Entertainment, by which the volumes, which originally cost nearly two guineas, will be placed in the reader's hands for two shillings. It is a delightful and useful book, which should be immediately added to the shelves of all schools, lending libraries, and mechanics and literary institutions.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Visits to Monasteries in the Levant. By the Hon. R. CURZON, Jun. London: Murray.

MR. CURZON informs us that this work was written for his own "diversion," and with no view to the diversion or the instruction of the public. But, whatever his intention, he has certainly, in the result, produced a book which will have more than a passing popularity, because it is substantially learned. The author is no mere sight-seeing tourist, wandering from place to place, gazing at externals and filling his note-book with sketches of scenery and stories gleaned imperfectly from guides, but he went about his task after due preparation, with a definite purpose, and consequently he has brought home to us a valuable addition to our stores of positive knowledge, besides an extremely graphic narrative of his adventures and observations in the pursuit of that knowledge.

His researches were mainly into the literature which he had heard was to be found stored in the various monasteries of the Levant, and which, from the ignorance of the monks who kept it in charge, was likely enough to be there undiscovered, whatever its value. In this, however, he was disappointed. He did not trace much novelty of that kind; but he was amply repaid in other respects.

This is his general sketch of

THE MONASTERIES OF THE LEVANT.

They are, "he says," particularly interesting to the lovers of the picturesque, from the beautiful situations in which they are almost invariably placed. The monastery of Megaspelon, on the coast of the Gulf of Corinth, is built in the mouth of an enormous cave. The monasteries of Meteora, and some of those on Mount Athos, are remarkable for their positions on the tops of inaccessible rocks; many of the convents in Syria, the Islands of Cyprus, Candia, the Archipelago, and the Prince's Islands in the Sea of Marmora, are unrivalled for the beauty of the positions in which they stand; many others in Bulgaria, Asia Minor, Sinope, and other places on the shores of the Black Sea, are most curious monuments of ancient and romantic times. There is one on the road to Persia, about one day's journey inland from Trebizond, which is built half way up the side of a perpendicular precipice; it is ensconced in several fissures of the rock, and various little gardens adjoining the buildings display the industry of the monks; these are laid out on shelves or terraces, wherever the nature of the spot affords a ledge of sufficient

width to support the soil; the different parts of the Monastery are approached by stairs and flights of steps cut in the face of the precipice, leading from one cranny to another; the whole has the appearance of a bas-relief stuck against a wall; this monastery partakes of the nature of a large swallow's nest. But it is for their architecture that the monasteries of the Levant are more particularly deserving of study; for, after the remains of the private houses of the Romans at Pompeii, they are the most ancient specimens extant of domestic architecture. The refectories, kitchens, and the cells of the monks, exceed in point of antiquity anything of the kind in Europe. The monastery of St. Katherine, at Mount Sinai, has hardly been altered since the sixth century, and still contains ornaments presented to it by the Emperor Justinian. The White monastery and the monastery at Old Cairo, both in Egypt, are still more ancient. The monastery of Kuzzul Vank, near the source of the Euphrates, is, I believe, as old as the fifth century. The greater number in all the countries where the Greek faith prevails, were built before the year 1000. Most monasteries possess crosses, candlesticks, and reliquaries, many of splendid workmanship, and of the era of the foundation of the buildings which contain them, while their mosaics and fresco paintings display the state of the arts from the most early periods.

Here is a sketch of

ABYSSINIAN MONKS.

The monastery which they frequented in this desert has fallen to decay; and they now live here, their numbers being recruited occasionally by pilgrims on their way from Abyssinia to Jerusalem, some of whom pass by each year; not many now, to be sure; but still fewer return to their own land. Giving up my precious manuscripts to the guardianship of my servants, and desiring them to put them down carefully in my cell, I accompanied my Coptic friend into the garden, and turning round some bushes, we immediately encountered one of the Abyssinian monks walking with a book in his hand under the shade of the trees. Presently we saw three or four more; and very remarkable looking persons they were. These holy brethren were as black as crows; tall, thin, ascetic looking men of a most original aspect and costume. I have seen the natives of many strange nations, both before and since, but I do not know that I ever met with so singular a set of men, so completely the types of another age and of a state of things the opposite to European, as these Abyssinian hermits. They were black, as I have already said, which is not the usual complexion of the natives of Habesh; and they were all clothed in tunics of wash leather made, they told me, of gazelle skins. This garment came down to their knees, and was confined round their waist with a leathern girdle. Over their shoulders they had a strap supporting a case like a cartridge-box, of thick brown leather, containing a manuscript book; and above this they wore a large shapeless cloak or toga, of the same light yellow wash leather as the tunic; I do not think that they wore anything on the head, but this I do not distinctly remember. Their legs were bare, and they had no other clothing, if I may except a profuse smearing of grease; for they had anointed themselves in the most lavish manner, not with the oil of gladness, but with that of castor, which, however, had by no means the effect of giving them a cheerful countenance; for, although they looked exceedingly slippery and greasy, they seemed to be an austere and dismal set of fanatics; true disciples of the great Macarius, the founder of these secluded monasteries, and excellently calculated to figure in that grim chorus of his invention, or at least which is called after his name, "La danse Macabre," known to us by the appellation of the Dance of Death. They seemed to be men who fasted much and fasted little; great observers were they of vigils, of penance, of pilgrimages, and midnight masses; eaters of bitter herbs for conscience sake. . . . All the members of this church militant could read fluently out of their own books, which is more than the Copts could do in whose monastery they were sojourning. Two or three, with whom I spoke, were intelligent men, although not much enlightened as to the affairs of this world: the perfume of their leather garments and oily bodies was, however, rather too powerful for my olfactory nerves, and after making a slight sketch of their library I was glad to escape into the open air

of the beautiful garden, where I luxuriated in the shade of the palms and the pomegranates. The strange costumes and wild appearance of these black monks, and the curious arrangement of their library, the uncouth sounds of their singing and howling, and the clash of their cymbals in the ancient convent of the Natron lakes, formed a scene such as I believe few Europeans have witnessed."

The following is a fine portrait of

A MONK OF MOUNT ATHOS.

A monk had arrived from one of the outlying farms who could speak a little Italian; he was deputed to do the honours of the house, and accordingly dined with me. He was a magnificent looking man of thirty or thirty-five years of age, with large eyes and long black hair and beard. As we sat together in the evening in the ancient room, by the light of one dim brazen lamp, with deep shades thrown across his face and figure, I thought he would have made an admirable study for Titian or Sebastian del Piombo. In the course of conversation I found that he had learnt Italian from another monk, having never been out of the peninsula of Mount Athos. His parents and most of the other inhabitants of the village where he was born, somewhere in Roumelia—but its name or exact position he did not know—had been massacred during some revolt or disturbance. So he had been told, but he remembered nothing about it; he had been educated in a school in this or one of the other monasteries, and his whole life had been passed upon the Holy Mountain; and this, he said, was the case with very many other monks. He did not remember his mother, and did not seem quite sure that he ever had one; he had never seen a woman, nor had he any idea what sort of things women were, or what they looked like. He asked me whether they resembled the pictures of the Panagia, the Holy Virgin, which hang in every church. Now, those who are conversant with the peculiar conventional representations of the Blessed Virgin in the pictures of the Greek church, which are all exactly alike, stiff, hard, and dry, without any appearance of life or motion, will agree with me that they do not afford a very favourable idea of the grace or beauty of the fair sex; and that there was a difference of appearance between black women, Circassians, and those of other nations, which was, however, difficult to describe to one who had never seen a lady of any race. He listened with great interest while I told him that all women were not exactly like the pictures he had seen, but I did not think it charitable to carry on the conversation farther, although the poor monk seemed to have a strong inclination to know more of that interesting race of beings from whose society he had been so entirely debarred. I often thought afterwards of the singular lot of this manly and noble-looking monk: whether he is still a recluse, either in the monastery or in his mountain-farm, with its little moss-grown chapel as ancient as the days of Constantine; or whether he has gone out into the world and mingled in its pleasures and its cares.

Now for a scrap of natural history:

THE CROCODILE AND THE ZICZAC.

On one occasion, I saw, a long way off, a large one, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance; and noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence with a heavy rifle I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank. There he was, within ten feet of the sight of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called a ziczac. It is of the plover species, of a greyish colour, and as large as a small pigeon.

The bird was walking up and down close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me, and instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed "Ziczac! ziczac!" with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started up, and immediately spying his danger, made a jump up into the air, and dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud; he dived into the

river and disappeared. The ziczac, to my increased admiration, proud apparently of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time, to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the ziczac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance, the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history.

As a specimen of his descriptions of scenery take the following account of his visit to the

MONASTERIES OF METEORA.

The scenery of Meteora is of a very singular kind. The end of a range of rocky hills seems to have been broken off by some earthquake or washed away by the deluge, leaving only a series of twenty or thirty tall, thin, smooth, needle-like rocks, many hundred feet in height; some like gigantic tusks, some shaped like sugar-loaves, and some like vast stalagmites. These rocks surround a beautiful grassy plain, on three sides of which there grow groups of detached trees, like those in an English park. Some of the rocks shoot up quite clean and perpendicularly from the smooth green grass; some are in clusters; some stand alone like obelisks; nothing can be more strange and wonderful than this romantic region, which is unlike anything I have ever seen either before or since. In Switzerland, Saxony, the Tyrol, or any other mountainous region where I have been, there is nothing at all to be compared to these extraordinary peaks. At the foot of many of the rocks which surround this beautiful grassy amphitheatre, there are numerous caves and holes, some of which appear to be natural, but most of them are artificial; for in the dark and wild ages of monastic fanaticism whole flocks of hermits roosted in these pigeon-holes. Some of these caves are so high up the rocks that one wonders how the poor old gentlemen could ever get up to them; whilst others are below the surface; and the anchorites, who burrowed in them like rabbits, frequently afforded excellent sport to parties of roving Saracens; indeed, hermit-hunting seems to have been a fashionable amusement previous to the twelfth century. In early Greek frescoes, and in small, stiff pictures with gold backgrounds, we see many frightful representations of men on horseback in Roman armour, with long spears, who are torturing and slaying Christian devotees. In these pictures the monks and hermits are represented in gowns made of a kind of coarse matting, and they have long beards, and some of them are covered with hair; these, I take it, were the ones most to be admired, as in the Greek church sanctity is always in the inverse ratio of beauty.

On the tops of these rocks in different directions there remained seven monasteries out of twenty-four which once crowned their airy heights. How anything except a bird was to arrive at one which we saw in the distance on a pinnacle of rock was more than we could divine; but the mystery was soon solved. Winding our way upwards, among a labyrinth of smaller rocks and cliffs, by a romantic path which afforded us from time to time beautiful views of the green vale below us, we at length found ourselves on an elevated platform of rock, which I may compare to the flat roof of a church; whilst the monastery of Barlaam stood perpendicularly above us, on the top of a much higher rock, like the tower of this church. Here we fired off a gun, which was intended to answer the same purpose as knocking at the door in more civilized places; and we all strained our necks in looking up at the monastery to see whether any answer would be made to our call. Presently we were hailed by some one in the sky, whose voice came down to us like the cry of a bird; and we saw the face and grey beard of an old monk some hundred feet above us peering out of a kind of window or door. He asked us who we were, and what we wanted, and so forth; to which we replied, that we were travellers, harmless people, who wished to be admitted into the monastery to stay the night; that we had come all the way from Corfu to see the wonders of Meteora, and, as it was now getting late, we appealed to his feelings of hospitality and Christian benevolence.—“Who are those with you?” said he—“Oh! most respectable people,” we

answered; “gentlemen of our acquaintance, who have come with us across the mountains from Mezzovo.”—The appearance of our escort did not please the monk, and we feared that he would not admit us into the monastery; but at length he let down a thin cord to which I attached a letter of introduction which I had brought from Corfu; and after some delay a much larger rope was seen descending with a hook at the end to which a strong net was attached. On its reaching the rock on which we stood the net was spread open: my two servants sat down upon it; and the four corners being attached to the hook, a signal was made, and they began slowly ascending into the air, twisting round and round, like a leg of mutton hanging to a bottle-jack. The rope was old and mended, and the height from the ground to the door above was, we afterwards learned, 37 fathoms, or 222 feet. When they reached the top I saw two stout monks reach their arms out of the door and pull in the two servants by main force, as there was no contrivance like a turning-crane for bringing them nearer to the landing-place. The whole process appeared so dangerous that I determined to go up by climbing a series of ladders which were suspended by large wooden pegs on the face of the precipice, and which reached the top of the rock in another direction, round a corner to the right. The lowest ladder was approached by a pathway leading to a ricketty wooden platform which overhung a deep gorge. From this point the ladders hung perpendicularly upon the bare rock, and I climbed up three or four of them very soon; but coming to one, the lower end of which had swung away from the top of the one below, I had some difficulty in stretching across from the one to the other; and here unluckily I looked down, and found that I had turned a sort of angle in the precipice, and that I was not over the rocky platform where I had left the horses, but that the precipice went sheer down to so tremendous a depth, that my head turned when I surveyed the distant valley over which I was hanging in the air like a fly on a wall. The monks in the monastery saw me hesitate, and called out to me to take courage and hold on; and, making an effort, I overcame my dizziness, and clambered up to a small iron door, through which I crept into a court of the monastery, where I was welcomed by the monks and the two servants who had been hauled up by the rope. The rest of my party were not admitted; but they bivouacked at the foot of the rocks in a sheltered place, and were perfectly contented with the coffee and provisions which we lowered down to them.

At Thebes Mr. CURZON found a literary carpenter, who undertook to introduce him to some bibliographical treasures. The adventure is thus told.

AN EGYPTIAN BOOK-STORE.

On those numerous occasions when the carpenter had nothing else to do, he used to come and talk to me; and endeavour to count up, upon his fingers, how often he had “*eat stick*”; that is, had been beaten by one Turkish officer or another for his inability to pay the tax to the Pasha, the tooth-money to some kawas, the forced contribution to the Nazir, or some other expected or unexpected call upon his empty pocket,—an appendage to his dress, by the by, which he did not possess; for having nothing in the world to put in it, a pocket was clearly of no use to him. The carpenter related to me the history of the ruined Coptic monastery; and I found that its library was still in existence. It was carefully concealed from the Mahomedans, as a sacred treasure; and my friend the carpenter was the guardian of the volumes belonging to his fallen church. After some persuasion he agreed, in consideration of my being a Christian, to let me see them; but he said I must go to the place where they were concealed at night, in order that no one might follow our steps; and he further stipulated that none of the Mahomedan servants should accompany us, but that I should go alone with him. I agreed to all this; and on the appointed night I sallied forth with the carpenter after dark. There were not many stars visible; and we had only just light enough to see our way across the plain of Thebes, or rather among the low hills and narrow valleys above the plain, which are so entirely honeycombed with ancient tombs and mummy pits that they resemble a rabbit warren on a large scale. Skulls and bones were strewn on our path; and often at the mouths of tombs the night wind

would raise up fragments of the bandages which the sacrilegious hand of the Frankish spoilers of the dead had torn from the bodies of the Egyptian mummies in search of the scarabei, amulets, and ornaments, which are found upon the breast of the deceased subjects of the Pharaohs.

Away we went stumbling over ruins, and escaping narrowly the fate of those who descend into the tomb before their time. Sometimes we heard a howl, which the carpenter said came from a hyena, prowling, like ourselves, among the graves, though on a very different errand. We kept on our way, by many a dark ruin and yawning cave, breaking our shins against the falling stones until I was almost tired of the journey, which in the darkness seemed interminable; nor had I any idea where the carpenter was leading me. At last, after a fatiguing walk, we descended suddenly into a place something like a gravel pit, one side of which was closed by the perpendicular face of a low cliff, in which a doorway half filled up with rubbish, betokened the existence of an ancient tomb. By the side of this doorway sat a little boy, whom I discovered by the light of the moon, which had just risen, to be the carpenter's son, an intelligent lad, who often came to pay me a visit in company with his father. It was here that the Coptic manuscripts were concealed, and it was a spot well chosen for the purpose; for, although I thought I had wandered about the Necropolis of Thebes in every direction, I had never stumbled upon this place before, neither could I ever find it afterwards, although I rode in that direction several times.

I now produced from my pocket three candles, which the carpenter had desired me to bring, one for him, one for his son, and one for myself. Having lit them, we entered into the doorway of the tomb, and passing through a short passage, found ourselves in a great sepulchral hall. The earth and sand which had been blown into the entrance formed an inclined plane, sloping downwards to another door sculptured with hieroglyphics, through which we passed into a second chamber, on the other side of which was a third doorway, leading into a magnificent subterranean hall, divided into three aisles by four square columns, two on each side. There may have been six columns, but I think there were only four. The walls and columns, or rather square piers which supported the roof, retained the brilliant white which is so much to be admired in the tombs of the kings and other stately sepulchres. On the walls were various hieroglyphics, and on the square piers tall figures of the gods of the infernal regions—Kueph, Khonso, and Osiris—were portrayed in brilliant colours, with their immense caps or crowns, and the heads of the jackal and other beasts. At the further end of this chamber was a stone altar, standing upon one or two steps, in an apsis or semicircular recess. As this is not usual in Egyptian tombs, I have since thought that this had probably been altered by the Copts in early times, and that, like the Christians of the West, in the days of their persecution, they had met in secret in the tombs for the celebration of their rites, and had made use of this hall as a church, in the same way as we see the remains of chapels and places of worship in the catacombs of Rome and Syracuse. The inner court of the Temple of Medinet Habou has also been converted into a Christian church; and the worthy Copts have daubed over the beautifully executed pictures of Rameses II. with a coat of plaster upon which they have painted the grim figures of St. George, and various old frightful saints and hermits, whose uncouth forms would almost give one the idea of their having served for a system of idolatry much less refined than the worship of the ancient gods of the heathen, whose places they have usurped in these gigantic temples.

The Coptic manuscripts, of which I was in search, were lying upon the steps of the altar, except one, larger than the rest, which was placed upon the altar itself. They were about eight or nine in number, all brown and musty-looking books, written on cotton paper or charta bombycina, a material in use in very early times. An edict or charter, on paper, exists, or at least did exist two years ago, in the museum of the Jesuits' College, called the Collegio Romano, at Rome: its date was of the sixth century; and I have a Coptic manuscript written on paper of this kind, which was finished, as appears by a note at the end, in the year 1018: these are the oldest dates that I have met with in any manuscripts on paper.

Having found these ancient books we proceeded to examine their contents, and to accomplish this at our ease, we stuck the candles on the ground, and the carpenter and I sat down before them, while his son brought us the volumes from the steps of the altar, one by one.

The first which came to hand was a dusty quarto, smelling of incense, and well spotted with yellow wax, with all its leaves dog-eared or worn round with constant use: this was a MS. of the lesser festivals. Another appeared to be of the same kind; a third was also a book for the church service. We puzzled over the next two or three, which seemed to be martyrologies, or lives of the saints; but while we were poring over them, we thought we heard a noise. "Oh! father of hammers," said I to the carpenter, "I think I heard a noise: what could it be?—I thought I heard something move." "Did you, hawaja? (O merchant)," said the carpenter: "it must have been my son moving the books, for what else could there be here?—No one knows of this tomb or of the holy manuscripts which it contains. Surely there can be nothing here to make a noise, for we are not here alone, a hundred feet under the earth, in a place where no one comes?—It is nothing: certainly it is nothing; and so saying, he lifted up one of the candles and peered about in the darkness; but as there was nothing to be seen, and all was silent as the grave, he sat down again, and at our leisure we completed our examination of all the books which lay upon the steps.

They proved to be all church books, liturgies for different seasons, or homilies; and not historical, nor of any particular interest, either for their age or subject.

And so it proved to be with all the anticipated treasures. We conclude our notice of a volume, which the book clubs may advantageously order, with one more extract descriptive of

AMERICAN SUPERSTITIONS.

There are many curious superstitions and circumstances connected with the plague. One is, that when the destroying angel enters into a house the dogs of the quarter assemble in the night and howl before the door; and the Greeks firmly believe that the dogs can see the evil spirit of the plague, although it is invisible to human eyes. Some people, however, are said to have seen the plague, its appearance being that of an old woman, tall, thin, and ghastly, and dressed sometimes in black, sometimes in white: she stalks along the streets—glides through the doors of the habitations of the condemned—and walks once round the room of her victim, who is from that moment death-smitten. It is also asserted that, when three small spots make their appearance upon the knee, the patient is doomed—he has got the plague, and his fate is sealed. They are called the *plotti*—the pilots and harbingers of death. Some, however, have recovered after these spots have shown themselves.

I had at this time a lodging in a house at Pera, which I occupied when anything brought me to Constantinople from Therapia. On one occasion I was sitting with a gentleman whose filial piety did him much honour, for he had attended his father through the horrors of this illness, and he had died of the plague in his arms, when we heard the dogs baying in an unusual way. On looking out of the window there they were all of a row, seated against the opposite wall, howling mournfully, and looking up at the houses in the moonlight. One dog looked very hard at me, I thought: I did not like it at all, and began to investigate whether I had not some pain or other about me; and this comfortable feeling was not diminished when my friend's Arab servant came into the room and said that another person who lodged in the house was very unwell; it was said that he had had a fall from his horse that morning. The dogs, though we escaped the plague ourselves, were right; the plague had got into one of the houses close to us in the same street; but how many died of it I did not learn.

China and the Chinese: their Religion, Character, Customs, and Manufactures; the Evils arising from the Opium Trade; with a Glance at our Religious, Moral, Political, and Commercial Intercourse with the Country. By HENRY CHARLES SIRR, M. A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law. In 2 vols. Published by Orr and Co.

MR. SIRR enjoyed peculiar opportunities for forming an acquaintance with China and the Chinese, and made diligent use of them. Having resided for a long period at Hong-kong, and thence voyaged at various times to the ports of China, he appears to have mingled much with the natives and obtained from them such information as they were enabled to communicate respecting the manners, customs and opinions prevalent, not only in the districts upon the coast which are affected to some extent by intercourse with the people of other nations, but in the interior, of which no knowledge can be obtained by Europeans from personal inspection. The information thus procured he has gathered into the two pretty volumes upon our table, and which are a valuable and acceptable contribution to our share of knowledge relating to the peculiar, and as yet imperfectly understood, people of the Celestial Empire.

MR. SIRR is a lawyer, and he brings his professional skill and experience to the sifting of evidence; hence he is not so readily imposed upon as his predecessors were, and his statements having been sifted by his own mind, are more to be relied upon than is usual with travellers' stories. A considerable portion of the contents of these volumes are of course not new, for of late years we have received so much intelligence relating to China and the Chinese from so great a variety of travellers, each inspecting with a specific object, that it would be impossible for any fresh traveller to bring home nothing but novelty. There is, however, quite as much of it in Mr. SIRR's narrative as could be expected.

MR. SIRR condemns the choice of Hong-kong for a settlement, as being unwholesome and inconvenient, and would transfer it to Chusan, and he very strenuously condemns the opium trade, as immoral and productive of infinite mischief both to the Chinese and to the British who are engaged in it. But what is to be done? Are we to prescribe morality to other nations, or refrain, out of scruples on their account, from a profitable trade, which, if we abandoned, would only be transferred to some other nation?

Nevertheless there is truth in his painful pictures of

OPIMUM EATING IN CHINA.

The boat of the opium smuggler has just received a chest of the drug on board; while a mandarin, or police boat, is coming towards the smuggler. The second depicts the authorities on board the smuggler's boat, who bind him hand and foot, preparatory to throwing him into jail. In the third, the smuggler is in prison, emaciated and care-worn, his grey-haired father weeping, whilst his mother clings to his neck, as the jailor attempts to part her from the opium smuggler, her child, who has been tried, and condemned to death, for violating the laws of his country. The fourth painting represents the place of public execution, the ground reeking with blood, headless trunks on the earth, whilst the gory heads with staring eyeballs are scattered about; the opium smuggler is on his knees before the executioner, who is preparing to strangle him; and entreats that he may be allowed to warn his brother (who stands looking on) to shun the foreign devils, who, by introducing opium into China, have brought him to this untimely end. The whole of the acces-

sories appertaining to each epoch, or stage, are most faithfully delineated, and the backgrounds are stippled in with extreme care and delicacy.

The opium devotee, although less painfully revolting than the last series, alas! is too faithful a type of the misery invariably attendant upon this vice. The first picture portrays a young man, in the full vigour of health, who has just come into his father's estate, and is giving orders to various traders. The second depicts the young man in his new residence, which is furnished most luxuriously, clocks, vases, and marble tables crowd the apartment. An open treasure chest, filled with silver, is on his right hand, whilst on his left stands his servant, who is engaged in filling a beautifully enamelled opium pipe. The third represents the devotee reclining on a superbly carved ebony couch, smoking opium; seven harlots are in the apartment, three of these are singing, accompanying themselves on a stringed instrument, not unlike a guitar, two are seated on a couch, caressing the devotee and casting lascivious glances upon him, trying to engage his attention, whilst their two other sisters in iniquity are purloining money from the half empty treasure chest. In the fourth drawing, we see the devotee, clad in a plain dress, looking pale, wan, and emaciated, reclining on a bamboo couch, smoking a common opium pipe; all appearance of wealth has vanished from his abode, the treasure chest is still at his right hand, but alas! it is completely empty; his wife and handmaid are about the centre of the apartment, the first looking mournfully at her husband, the last with uplifted hands, surveys the empty treasure chest. In the fifth, the devotee sits, or rather lolls, on a rudely formed couch, his clothes in tatters, the mouth drawn down on one side, showing the blackened teeth, apparently gasping for breath, as he leans forward, being unable to support himself. His wife stands before him, and points to their child, who is crying for food, with one hand, whilst with the other she has seized the opium pipe, and is about to dash it on the ground. The fifth depicts the opium smoker selling his daughter to an old hag, who is a procuress; he clutches the dollars eagerly, and is hurrying out of his wretched abode, with his hands to his ears, to exclude his child's shrieks, as she is taken from her home; the old hag grins demoniacally, as she points to a common bamboo opium pipe, and to the girl, as she drags her through the door. In the sixth we see the devotee, in the greatest distress, begging a few cash from a brother beggar, who, as he receives the paltry alms, points to a wretched shed, where opium smoking is going on. The seventh depicts the opium smoker in the last stage of mental and physical debility, he is a drivelling idiot; every feature distorted and wan, and he is placing the finger of his dead child in his mouth, mistaking the limb in his folly for an opium pipe; the wretched wife and mother gazes at her idiot husband and dead child, with starvation and despair imprinted on her countenance. The wife is winding silk, and a China trader offers her some copper cash, pointing to the skein of silk which is half wound; the man's face bears the impress of anger, as if he were reproaching the woman with tardily performing her task. The last drawing represents the father and child lying dead, the mother dying from starvation, with nought save a tattered mat to cover her emaciated body; whilst, through the dilapidated wall a bridal procession can be seen, on which the dying woman turns her piteous gaze, as if contrasting her present position with the day when she also was borne a bride, full of hope and joy, to her husband's home which had proved to her a charnel-house.

Upon closely examining these drawings, their manifold beauties become more and more apparent, and the opium smoker's progress would not disgrace Hogarth, either for conception or handling: this series is painfully correct in all its details, as those who have watched the career of an opium devotee can testify; the accuracy and fidelity observed by Chinese artists generally contrasts strongly, and at times amusingly, with the attempts made by our own artists to represent Chinese customs and manners; in representing a criminal receiving the bastinado, English draftsmen have depicted the feet of the criminal as being held by two chinamen attired in long silken robes, with satin boots, and wearing mandarin caps, with peacock's feathers dangling from them. Executioners never were honoured with such appendages to their toilette; this cap, robe, and boots, never are, and dare never be worn by any, save

mandarins or their families. As regards the peacock's feather it is a high honour, only conferred by the Emperor upon some special favourite, or meritorious individual, who has rendered some service to his country. On some occasions, when a mandarin has peculiarly distinguished himself, the individual may have the proud distinction of receiving three peacocks' feathers from the Emperor; but this rarely happens. It is considered nearly as great an honour to receive this feather as to obtain from the Emperor the gift of some of his personal appendages; such as a fan and fan-case, which is the highest distinction known. Lum-qua pointed out these extraordinary discrepancies in an English work; saying, 'suppose *Englis* man know plenty know why for talk he pigeon all some dat; me *tink* he plenty fool; Chinaman no all some fool, what see can do, what no see no can do.'

Let us turn from this sickening sketch to a more pleasing one, and which is interesting as being so thoroughly Chinese:

THE PORCELAIN MANUFACTURE.

The number of workmen employed to finish one article of chinaware is almost incredible; a single cup is said, from the kneading of the paste, to pass through seventy hands before it is ready for sale; each individual in its progress performing as little as he possibly can for the remuneration he receives. The Chinese decorate the exterior of their dwellings, and their pleasure-grounds, with enormous pieces of porcelain, both in the shape of vases and figures; these are formed each in several pieces, and each piece or portion in a mould: the paste is first well pressed into the moulds, which are then placed before a fire for a short time, to detach the figures from their moulds; the various portions are then united and cemented together, the joints are carefully smoothed off by the chisel, and are varnished and painted over, after which they are imperceptible.

The designs traced upon their porcelain or china are very inferior, but the colours used by the artists who paint these designs are far superior to any European colouring. The division of labour in embellishing and painting the chinaware is equal to that employed in the formation of it: one traces figures, another flowers, a third paints the figures, and a fourth the flowers; in fact, there is an artist for delineating, and another for painting each particular object; each goes on in one beaten track, without the least conception or attempt at improvement, or introducing new ideas in their designs; and thus the same designs and figures are accurately copied by the artists of the present day which were in use in the days of Confucius.

The contemptuous and insulting treatment of the native Chinese by our sailors, as described by Mr. SIRR, sufficiently explains the extreme hostility with which the presence of foreigners, and of the English especially, is regarded by the lower classes in China. Who can wonder that they should thirst to revenge such brutalities as the following, which was a scene enacted upon the occasion of removing one of the instalments of the ransom, and thus doubly mortifying to the natives:

A COAST SCENE.

Before quitting Canton, we were highly amused at the following ludicrous scene, which was enacted by our jolly tars and Fo-kee; the former were part of the crew of a man-of-war steamer, which went up on one occasion to Canton to receive an instalment of the indemnity money. A strong party of our marines and sailors, well armed, lined the river approach to the wretched building used as her Britannic Majesty's Consulate; it was deemed necessary to take the precaution of providing our men with arms, as on a former occasion an attempt had been made by the Canton mob to get up a row; for had it not been suppressed they would doubtless have pillaged the indemnity money in the confusion. The mandarin, with his attendants, landed, looking very sad and chopfallen, no doubt at being compelled to part with so much sycee silver, without being able to retain a portion of it as lawful toll, according to the established and invariable custom of their nation, for no money can pass through a Chinaman's hands without some of it adhering to his palm. Naturally, a

great concourse of Chinese were congregated on and about the landing place, and our men, with their ruddy cheeks, jovial faces, and orderly appearance, presented an agreeable contrast to the long-tailed, yellow-visaged Chinese. As soon as their officers had escorted the treasure into the Consulate, the following expressions and taunts escaped on all sides:—

'I say, yellow chops, we have come for the money to buy us a tail like *yours*.'—'I say, Bill, blow me tight, if that feller hasn't got a tail as long as a monkey's.'—'I say, Copper Mug, how much of this here blunt have you forked out that *we's* goin to take off to *England*? How [now?]? I likes to be *librel*, so I'll *gie* yer this, if yer will let me cut off your tail; see, it's good money, no humbug; it will *elp* to pay back what you forked out. *Won't* yer *'ave* it, well then no *'pulsion*, so 'ere goes my quevarter dollar back into your pocket.'—'Don't rile him, Jack; *hi ham* your *rale* friend, my copper tulip, so I tell yer what, come to *Henglan* with us, and I'll put you on the way of turnin' an honest penny. Make a show on yourself at a penny a *ead*. You'll soon make a *fortin*! for, dash my lucky, if you *aint* the *curiousest* wild beast whatever *vos* seed.'—'I say, Bob Jenkins, *ow* they must *walley* their love-ly *karkisses*, to pay so *werry* 'igh to keep 'em *'ale* and safe out on *hour* 'ands. Now, my boys, I'll tell you one thing, that none *ov* you 'as thought on, let's *ketch* this 'ere chap and chop 'im *hup*, not for *sassengers*, but for *suerrins*, for, shiver my timbers, if *ee* *hant* as *yeller* as a *goulden* guinea.'

These, and such like observations, were followed by hearty and vociferous *guffaws*, which issued from the capacious mouths of our jolly tars; and merriment resounded *fore* and *aft*, as they say at sea, which did not appear to be shared by the Chinese, for although the mob could not understand a word, they were certain that the joke was against them; consequently looked as sour, as Jack would say, as cream in thunder—for nothing galls a Chinaman more than being ridiculed and being in such a position as to be unable to resent the offered insult. During the whole time, however, the Chinese did not venture to mutter the bad Fan-quei, foreign devil, as a few days previously an English sailor had thrashed most soundly five Chinese, one after another, for applying the epithet to him; telling them, 'that he, nor none of her Majesty's subjects, were devils or barbarians either, and to keep a civil tongue in their *yeller* jaws, long pig-tailed varmint that they was.' Then down Jack knocked a Fo-kee, flooring him in slap-up style. 'Git *hup*, you lazy beggar, that I may settle your 'ash again. I'll *surve* you *hall* out when you does *git* *hup*, for I can't hit you now you *have* down, it goes *agin* our Englishman's *natur* to fall foul of a *henemy* when he has struck his colours.' And echoing this last honest sentiment of Jack's, we will conclude this chapter on Canton, merely remarking, *en passant*, that we wish our troops had not been prevented from entering the city of Canton. Had they not been called back, John Bull would have made Fo-kee strike his colours in right good earnest; and, mark our words, that bloodshed will arise before the lawless people of Canton are subdued, and the subjects of Great Britain are allowed by the Chinese to take the position to which they are entitled, according to the articles of the treaty.

How would the collectors in England rejoice in the possession of some scraps of

THE LOST WARE.

The most remarkable ware, however, is the Kiasing, or azure-pressed; the secret of its manufacture has been lost, but those specimens which are preserved are of inestimable value. The art was that of tracing figures on the China, which are invisible until the vessel is filled with liquid. The porcelain is of the very thinnest description, almost as thin as an egg-shell; it is said that the application in tracing these figures was internal, and not by external painting, as in ordinary manufacture, and that after such tracing was made, and when it became perfectly dry, a very thin covering or coating was laid over it of the same paste of which the vessel had been formed, and thus the painting lay between two coatings of chinaware. When the internal coating became sufficiently dry, they oiled it over, and shortly after placed it in a mould, and scraped the exterior of the vessel as thin as possible without penetrating to the painting, and then baked it in the oven. It is evident that if such be the mode which was adopted it

would require the most nice dexterity and patient care, for which the Chinese are remarkable; but, although they constantly endeavour to recover the exact method, their trials have been hitherto unavailing.

Our lady readers would doubtless be pleased to possess

A CHINESE EMBROIDERY-BOOK.

Embroidery-books are in use, in which the most approved styles of embroidering, arrangement of the colours, and patterns, are set forth; purses, fan-cases, robes for mandarins and the wealthy, skirts, trousers, jackets, and tobacco-bags for ladies, are duly set forth; the various methods of embroidery and appropriate designs for each article being fully described. This book is dedicated to those "who belong to the green window,"—which signifies to the working classes, as all those in China who gain their bread by embroidery, are said to belong to the green window. On the title page of this embroidery-book is depicted an old man, who unfolds a scroll, on which is inscribed, 'Those that would be wealthy must be industrious; over his head nocturnal birds are fluttering, to indicate watchfulness and wakefulness. There are between two and three hundred designs in this work, the price of which was forty cash—less than fourpence.

Familiar to most persons, by sight, are the drawings of the Chinese, famous for their brilliant colours. Mr. SIRR has taken some pains to inquire into the production of these curious works of art. We give the result of his investigations:

CHINESE WATER COLOURS.

The colours prepared and used by the Chinese artists of the first class equal, if they do not surpass, those formerly used in the Venetian, Italian, and Flemish schools; and this arises in great measure from the peculiar mode adopted by the Chinese in preparing the oil and water colours. Being most desirous to obtain accurate information on the subject, when at Canton, we went to the *atelier* of Lum-qua, who is a remarkably intelligent, clever man, and most talented artist, to endeavour to obtain the desired knowledge connected with the peculiar preparation of their oil paints: we tried to watch the operations of a pupil, who was mixing some oil colours, when Lum-qua unfortunately observed how our attention was engrossed, and immediately ordered the colour-mixer to arrest his occupation, nor would he allow the obedient youth to resume his task while we remained in the room. We purchased some colours from Lum-qua, and mixed them in the manner generally adopted by European artists, and although they appeared the same as the colours he was using, the tints produced were totally dissimilar: we tried by persuasion to induce Lum-qua to give or sell some prepared colours, but neither honied words, flattery, nor money, would cause him to accede to our request. Lum-qua is called by Europeans the Sir Thomas Lawrence of China, and he well deserves this proud distinction, as the colouring of this artist's oil-paintings is exceedingly fine: although his ideas of female beauty differ materially from our own: in the course of conversation we asked his opinion of an English belle then at Canton, and the reply was completely characteristic of a Chinaman's ideas of female beauty; her face is too round, she has colour in her cheeks, her eyes are too blue, too large; she's too tall, too plump, *yi-yaw*; her face talks (meaning the countenance was expressive); and she has *feet* so large that she can walk upon them. In Lum-qua's *atelier* we saw many portraits both of Europeans and Chinese, many of which were excellent likenesses, and although deficient in light and shade, were executed in a most masterly manner: but the great defect in Lum-qua's portraits is a deficiency of life and expression: our attention was particularly attracted by what we considered a very pretty female face, of round plump contour, the eyes possibly rather too small, the painting representing a Chinese lady: we asked the artist who the lady was, when he replied, "that nobody, that fancy portrait for Englishman, that not Chinaman beauty, that China beauty;" pointing to the portrait of a boat-woman, which most assuredly ill accorded with our ideas of female loveliness, as the face was expressionless, lean, colourless, and sallow.

Although the water-colour drawings have been frequently imported into Europe and America, we were

not aware, until we visited Canton, that the Chinese were proficient in the art of oil-painting; neither do we believe this fact is generally known; we have in our possession an oil-painting by Lum-qua, representing the interior of a Chinese dwelling, which for chasteness of design, truthfulness of composition, accuracy of perspective, and subdued tone of colouring, has never been surpassed by any master of the ancient schools; the figures and costumes are perfect; whilst the objects of still life, animals and flowers, are delineated with Chinese exactitude.

The late Dr. Adam Clarke had a series of paintings in water-colours, representing all the legends of the Chinese mythology; these were most exquisitely finished, and were valued, justly, most highly by all connoisseurs. In Lum-qua's studio are to be seen some complete gems, being water-colour drawings upon what is usually termed rice paper, representing human beings, animals, flowers, and birds; but the most remarkable of this class of drawings were two sets, or series, one corresponding with Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man, representing the birth, life, and death of a mandarin; the other depicted the effects and results of opium smoking and smuggling. We will commence with the mandarin; the first painting portrayed an infant, newly born, whom the female attendants were about to immerse in his first bath. Next, his father leads him by the hand conducting him to school. The third represents a youth, diligently employed in his studies in the dwelling of his preceptor; then he appears, arrived at manhood, in the house of a mandarin, to whom he presents certain writings. Fifthly, being about to be married, he stands at the door of his residence to receive and welcome his new bride. Sixthly, habited as a soldier, he koo-tows, or knocks his head on the ground before the Emperor, who confers upon him the button of a mandarin, as a reward of military services. Seventhly, arrayed in the gorgeous robes of a military mandarin, surrounded by numerous attendants, he proceeds to pay a visit to his old school-master and preceptor, to thank him for the successful education he received whilst under his charge. "The last stage" of life, in this "eventful history," represents the mandarin upon his death-bed, surrounded by a numerous family of weeping wives, handmaids, sons, daughters, grandchildren, and other relatives, while near the bed is placed a coffin most elaborately carved and gilded. The last drawing of this series exhibits the deceased mandarin borne to his grave, preceded by innumerable banners, on which are inscribed his manifold titles, dignities, and various good qualities, followed by a train of sedan chairs, filled with mourners, with numberless attendants bringing up the rear. The beauty of the colouring in these drawings is unsurpassable, and an extraordinary likeness is preserved in the faces, from the newly-born infant to the silver-haired dying mandarin.

This will be an acceptable work for the book-club.

Rambles and Observations in New South Wales, with Sketches of Men and Manners, Notices of the Aborigines, Glimpses of Scenery, and some hints to Emigrants. By JOSEPH PHIPPS TOWNSEND. London: Chapman and Hall. 1849.

WE can assure Mr. TOWNSEND that no apology is necessary for having made of his volume a personal narrative. In no shape is the account of a distant country so vividly conveyed, and, therefore, so attractive to the reader. Dull and heavy is mere description, because no words can realize places. It is only when the visitor tells us how they appeared to him, and what was the impression they made upon his mind, that we are enabled, by the help of sympathy, in some measure to share his emotions, and to idealize the objects by which they were excited. It will be found, upon examination of the books of travels that have pleased us most, that they were always those in which the traveller has told his own adventures, his feelings and reflections, and made us, as it

were, his companions through the journey. Now this is Mr. TOWNSEND's plan, and, by means of it, he has contrived to create and sustain the deepest interest of his readers throughout his narrative, independently of the store of useful information which he conveys, and which, to the intending emigrant especially, will be very acceptable.

His style is lively and graphic, as this opening passage indicates. "Sir," said a London physician, eminent for his knowledge of climate, "New South Wales, where people live out of doors, and are always on horseback, is just the place for you. I have sent many patients there, and none of them, so far as I know, ever repented that they took my advice. But then," added he, smiling, "the truth is, I have never seen one of them again; nor do I think it likely that I ever shall."

It was in pursuance of this advice that Mr. TOWNSEND betook himself to the pure air of Australia, and found the health he sought. He made it his business to see and inquire into everything, and the manner in which he availed himself of his opportunities will best be exhibited by a few extracts, which will, we are sure, be also its best recommendation.

FOREST SCENERY IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

Many flowering shrubs are to be found in the woods; and a great variety of everlasting flowers. A tree more resembling a blue and white laburnum, than any other to which I can compare it (but its form is more elegant,) is exceedingly handsome; and some gather its boughs to adorn their huts. A shrub, the size of a hazel, and with a similar leaf, bears a flower much like a yellow fuchsia. Another is a bunch of flowers like those of the foxglove; but each pendant half the size, French white, and shaded: especially in the mouth,—from light blue to maroon. There are the castor-oil plant, the wild indigo, and the native currant and raspberry trees. The mimosa, although it sadly chokes the country,—when in flower, fills the air with fragrance. Its bark is much used for tanning purposes: and the green that exudes from the stem is of some value as an export, and is used by the blacks as food. The New Holland acacias are well known.

In the scrubs is found a tree, commonly called "The Nettle Tree" (*Urticagigas*). It is often thirty feet in height, and has a large, broad, green leaf. It is appropriately named; and the pain caused by touching the leaf is, I think, worse than that occasioned by the sting of a wasp. Many ludicrous stories are told in New South Wales, of those who have incautiously handled these leaves, and more might be learnt in Kew gardens, where this tree is to be seen.

I find both the eucalyptus and the *acacia affinis* flourishing in the open air in Devonshire. In the beautiful gardens of Mr. Veitch, near Exeter, is a specimen of cork. His eucalyptus is sixteen feet high, with a large spreading head, and about two and a half feet from the ground, the stem measures nearly two feet in circumference. It blooms freely every year, flowering in clusters, and is very aromatic. It has been standing in its present situation about eight years without any shelter. Two young plants have been raised from a pod of its seed. Mr. Veitch's Australian parrots were exceedingly delighted when he presented them with its flowers, or buds, or even with the leaves. His *acacia* is an open standard, about ten feet high, and bushy. The stem, at two and a half feet from the ground, measures ten inches in circumference. It has been planted about eight years. The *acacia* would have been much higher, had it not been several times headed down to make it bushy. This gentleman has also another Australian plant, which stands uninjured and without shelter, namely, the *Hakea flegi inforinis*. Eucalypti are to be seen at Kew, "One," says Sir William Hooker, in his 'Guide to the Gardens,' is distinguished by a summit reaching to the ceiling; and, therefore, unfortunately, but necessarily, despoiled of its crown." The Australian house at Kew is well worthy of a visit; and I recognize in these gardens many old Ulladulla friends; especially the *Banksias*, the *Telopoa speciosissima*, the *acacias*, and many of the

genius *Epacris*. We had also many orchideous plants at Ulladulla; and they are very numerous in the district called Iclawarra, to which we presently travel.

The woods were peopled with kangaroo, wallaby (a smaller species,) kangaroo rats, flying squirrels, porcupines, native cats, and with an infinite variety of birds. The opossums live in the hollow trees, and the blacks cut them out of their retreats, and sometimes smoke them out. Hawks occasionally contrive to take them; and I have seen one of those large birds carrying an opossum in its talons, whilst another hawk attended his flight, as if to put in his claim for a share of the booty. They carry off this animal, and also parrots and quails, by the head. I have seen one thus fly away with a parrot, the unfortunate captive uttering the most dismal screams, and appearing to furnish its tormentor with a large painted tail, as it fluttered helplessly, with its wings expanded. The largest hawk I killed measured six feet five inches, from tip to tip of wing. Others, I think, exceed this measure by at least eighteen inches, but are never seen except when carrion is in the woods. The hawks often destroy the pigs that feed in the woods, perching upon their backs, and tearing them to pieces. On moonlight nights I used to shoot both opossums and flying squirrels, which could then be discerned as they clung to the boughs, for they keep close by day, and feed only at night. I employed my dog to find them, which he did by the scent: and I was also accompanied by a dark shadow, or, in other words, by a black, who greatly enjoyed the sport, and laughed loudly, showing his white teeth, when the creature fell. Flying squirrels, of all sizes, are to be seen in the moonlight, darting amongst the boughs, like flashes of light. In consequence of the opossum feeding on the leaf of the gum-tree, its flesh has a peculiar taint, and our dogs would not eat it unless it were first roasted. It is an active animal. The emigrant mechanic, whom I more particularly mention in another place, says, referring to a leap that he saw an opossum take,—“I have since found, that the gift of these animals in this way is perfectly wonderful; certainly, if there is in this world an unconquerable dare-devil animal, it is the old man Possim, and, indeed, all his family, mother, sons, and daughters, after their sucking days are over: until then you may tame them.”

The forest is never silent. At night is heard the cry of the opossum, the squeal and chirp of the flying squirrel, the wail of the curlew, the hooting of the night jar, the chorus of the loquacious green frogs, and the occasional cry of the tree-frog. During the winter nights the woods resound with the deplorable and doleful howling of the native dogs, as of fiends in torment; and once, when my window blew open, I awoke in a fright, thinking that a whole legion of them had burst into the room, so much had I been unconsciously affected by their outcry.

Captain Grey well describes the manner in which the natives kill the cockatoos with the bommerang. "A native perceives a large flight of cockatoos in a forest which encircles a lagoon; in countless numbers they scream and fly from tree to tree, as they make their arrangements for a night's sound sleep. The native throws aside his cloak, so that he may not even have this slight covering to impede his motions, draws his bommerang from his belt, and, with a noiseless, elastic step, approaches the lagoon, creeping from tree to tree, from bush to bush, and disturbing the birds as little as possible. Their sentinels, however, take the alarm; the cockatoos furthest from the water fly to the trees near its edge, and thus they keep concentrating their forces as the native advances; they are aware that danger is at hand, but are ignorant of its nature. At length, the pursuer almost reaches the edge of the water, and the cockatoos, with wild cries spring into the air; at the same instant the native raises his right hand high over his shoulder, and, bounding forward with his utmost speed for a few paces, to give impetus to the blow, the bommerang quits his hand as if it would strike the water, but when it has almost touched the unruflled surface of the lake, it spins upwards with inconceivable velocity, and with the strangest contortions. In vain the terrified cockatoos strive to avoid it; it sweeps wildly and uncertainly through the air; and, so eccentric are its motions, that it requires but a slight sketch of imagination to fancy it endowed with life, and, with full sweeps, in rapid pursuit of the devoted birds, some of whom are almost certain to be brought screaming to

the earth." This instrument, called a bommerang, is made of wood, and is made like the blade of a scimitar. I believe it has been introduced into England as a plaything for children.

A great variety of parrots, of splendid plumage, are to be seen at Ulladulla, they are saucy, mischievous birds, and commit great havoc among the Indian corn; but are themselves very good eating. They build in holes in the trees; and the blacks climb for the young birds by means of notches cut in the bark, and descend with them on their heads, carefully balancing them. The Ulladulla blacks occasionally drive rather a brisk trade in birds, and travel to Sydney with them for sale; and the noise and chatter of their peripatetic aviaries are great. Some of the birds they carry in cages; but others on their heads, there they sit very contentedly. It is a pretty sight to see a number of parrots flocking round a stream to drink, and pleasant to hear the sweet notes they utter, as they call the one to the other. Large flights of parrots sweep through the air in flocks, screaming and whistling, and alight on the tops of the high trees. A very good gun is required to reach them there; and, when they fall to the ground, their varied colours (in which green, a light blue, and yellow prevail) are first seen with any distinctness. A large blue-and-white pigeon frequents the bush; as also does the bronze wing pigeon, and a pretty chocolate-coloured dove. All the pigeons are good eating, both in pies and puddings; but, when alive, very hard hitting in order to bring them down; and, when dead, very hard biting, for they are rather tough.

The white cockatoos make good soup. In the book of adventures before alluded to, we are thus again introduced to the commissioner: "shooting was a favorite pastime of his, when not attended with too much labour, and he consequently committed great slaughter among the wild pigeons and cockatoos. The latter bird makes excellent soup, but, being remarkably wary and sagacious, is difficult to be approached, in consequence of which the commissioner had recourse to a perfectly novel and original stratagem to get at them. He caused a large and lofty branch of gum-tree to be cut, armed with which and his double Manton, and screened from observation by the foliage, he contrived to get within gunshot of the enemy, who, being very gregarious, generally left many killed and wounded on the field. The success of this method quite delighted the little commissioner, who contemplated in the spoils before him, the attributes of many a good tureen of soup to cheer his inward man. It was perfectly exhilarating to see with what an air of self-importance and satisfaction he collected the fruits of his prowess and invention, and consigned them, with many an injunction, to the safe custody of his convict cook. What a pity it was that such things as bushrangers and blacks should ever interfere with so agreeable a diversion! How quietly and calmly would he have gone on—the tenor of his way!"

Beautiful little lizards run about in the sunshine, and sometimes make their way into the house, and run over the face of one enjoying an after-dinner nap. The iguana puffs and pouts, and bakes itself on the hot stones that rise above the water in the creeks. When disturbed at a distance from the water, it waves its tail on high, as a French postilion flourishes his whip, and rushes into the stream. In the Hunter River district, the jew lizard sometimes attains the length of five feet, and will maintain a stout battle with a good dog.

The trees, at Ulladulla, are in summer filled with cicadae who maintain a noisy din. With them appears a bird whose note is exactly like "cook it up" rapidly repeated; and at this time much manna exudes from the gum tree. The noise the cicadae make is exceedingly great; and one would imagine that each individual insect was animated by the soul of Serjeant Buzfuz. It seems to be the same insect that Dr. Shaw describes as follows:—"In the hotter months of summer, especially from mid-day to the middle of the afternoon, the cicada or grasshopper (as we falsely translate it) is perpetually stunning our ears with its most excessively shrill and ungrateful noise. It is, in this respect, the most troublesome and impertinent of insects, perching upon a twig, and squalling some two or three hours without ceasing, thereby too often disturbing the studies or short repose that is frequently indulged in, in these hot climates, at those hours." I entertained no doubt that this insect was identical with that mentioned in the

Georgics; and I find this opinion supported by a passage in "Insect Architecture" (p. 148), where the following line from the 3rd Georgic is quoted:—

Et cantu querulae rumpent arbusta cicadae.

In that work, and in "Insect Miscellanies," are collected many very curious particulars with regard to this noisy songster, on which the writers have bestowed the name of the "Treehopper." In the latter work is the following passage:—"It is to the treehopper, and not to the grasshopper, that these lines of Anacreon apply:—

Happy creature! what below
Can live more happily than thou?
Seated on thy leafy throne,
(Summer weaves thy verdant crown,)
Sipping o'er the pearly lawn
The fragrant nectar of the dawn,
Little tales thou lovest to sing,
Tales of mirth—an infant king."

In New South Wales this insect is commonly called "a locust," and I observe that Dryden translates "cicadae," now "locust," and now "grasshopper." The line above quoted is rendered—

When creaking grasshoppers on shrubs complain.

And the following line:—

Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis,
The creaking locusts with my voice conspire.

There are also indigenous bees, which form their dwellings in the hollow trees. The natives catch one of them—they are small, black, and stingless—and, with gum, attach to its back a downy feather from the white cockatoo. They then let it go, and, springing over every impediment, pursue its flight, in steeple-chase style, but with their eyes, of course, fixed upon it. They are thus guided to the hive; and, as they run, they shout and run like infuriated Bedlamites. The honey of these bees is black, and anything but tempting.

In Sir Thomas Mitchell's "Narrative of Three Excursions into the Interior," (vol. 1. p. 171,) he notices the wild bees. "We were now," he says, "in a land flowing with honey, for the natives, with their new tomahawks, extracted it in abundance from the hollow branches of the trees, and it seemed that, in the season, they could find it almost everywhere. To such inexperienced clowns, as they probably thought us, the honey and the bees were inaccessible, and indeed invisible, save when the natives cut it out, and brought it to us in little sheets of bark; thus displaying a degree of ingenuity and skill, in supplying their wants, which we, with all our science, could not hope to attain. They would catch one of the bees, and attach to it, with some resin or gum, the light down of the swan or owl; thus laden, the bee would make for the branch of some lofty tree, and so betray its home of sweets to its keen-eyed pursuers, whose bee-chase presented, indeed, a laughable scene."

Natural history attracts us more than places so often described before, so we continue our selections from those abundant sketches.

THE LYRE-BIRD.

On the pigeon-house dwells the lyre-bird, whose challenge is heard, as he struts round and round the foot of a tree, defying his rivals. It is graphically described by Margaret Catchpole: "The most beautiful attitude that I once saw the male lyre-bird in, beats everything I ever beheld of what men term politeness. I have heard and have read of delicate attentions paid to our sex, by men of noble and generous dispositions, but I scarcely ever heard of such devoted attention as I one day witnessed in this noble bird towards its mate. I saw her sitting in the heat of the meridian sun upon her nest, and the cock-bird sitting near her, with his tail expanded, like a bower overshadowing her; and, as the sun moved, so did he turn his elegant parasol to guard her from its rays. Now and then he turned his bright eye, to see if she was comfortable; and she answered his inquiry with a gentle note, and rustle of her feathers. Was not this a sight calculated to teach us all gentleness? Dear lady, as I looked upon it, the tears came warmly down my cheek, as I thought of your good husband and yourself." She adds,—and truly,—the tail-feathers of this mountain pheasant would form the most graceful ornament for a queen's head-dress."

Let us turn now to human inhabitants. These are some of

THE EMIGRANTS.

New South Wales abounds with singular characters, and would present a fine field for the pen of Dickens, and the pencil of Cruikshank; indeed, the local papers actually more than once announced "Boz is coming." Take that young cornstalk who comes pacing along on a coarse bred, tramping filly, with a rough coat and a long tail. He is bound for the "Woollongong Races," otherwise the Court of Requests, which bears this name by reason of the numbers who throng to it from all quarters. You observe that he has a very long pair of spurs, fixed in sockets in the heels of his boots. He wears a broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hat (manufactured from the leaves of the palm of that name); a check-shirt, open at the neck, and presenting a *bold front*, a blue jacket, and a gay waistcoat. His trowsers are made, as those of many others, of the ticken generally used for the cases of beds, and are cut so much to the quick that your dread of their bursting keeps you in a state of uncomfortable nervous apprehension. He wears an immense moustache and Vandyke beard, and a red scarf or comforter is tied round his waist. I sketch strictly from life; and I well recollect the astonishment I felt when I beheld this apparition move along in solemn state, "witching the world with noble horsemanship." Yet, such a phenomena would be an admirable bushman, would endure hunger and fatigue, and travel (as this person has done), many hundred miles to a distant station, sleeping out every night, and exhibiting great perseverance and foresight; and such a life he would greatly prefer to that of a salaried official in Sydney, upon whom he would look down with no small degree of contempt, as effeminate and helpless.

One of the little vessels that traffics up and down the coast is commanded by the son of a clergyman in Surrey, whilst his brother, a fine young man, who, amongst his familiars, rejoices in the name of "the Mudlark," superintends an extensive dairy; and thus both these young men maintain a manful fight with Fortune in the battle for bread. The Mudlark derives his nickname from the quantity of his operations in the dairy, and the kindly manner in which he takes to it. He is a splendid horseman, and an inveterate enemy to the native dog, which he pursues with great ardour; and sometimes he, his kangaroo-dogs, and the native dog, are to be seen rolling together in a ditch, in dire confusion, whilst he endeavours to put an end to the thief with his knife. Another of these little vessels has for its master an old boatswain, formerly in the navy; he sails up and down the coast in his cutter, twelve feet in length, and with a crew of one man and a black boy; displaying as much dignity as if he were the captain of a man-of-war. He is usually called "Bout Ship," from the tone of solemnity and grandeur in which he gives the word of command when he manoeuvres his vessel.

It is a common remark, that a youth, coming into the colony without any capital, would, if properly placed, ultimately succeed better than if he had been furnished with money; and I believe this is very true. From inexperience, he would probably lose his capital, if he brought any out with him (Morrison's pills excepted, and those he would retain for an indefinite period, unless he took them himself,) and become heart-sick and reckless; whereas, if without money, he would, whilst gleaning knowledge, gradually acquire stock as the reward of his exertions, and, when possessed of cash, know how to apply it. One of the members of the legislative Council stated that there were many young men in the colony, of good character, more especially surveyors, who, having lost all, were then bullock-drivers.

We conclude with his description of

THE BRITISH NATIVES.

The natives (to use the colonial expression) know little about old England, and care less. They generally suppose that it is the head-quarters of a large convict population, judging from the number of those gentry whom it annually casts forth. "Are ticket-of-leave holders good servants in England?" was the inquiry actually made of me by a young currency lass, who was probably aware that the Governor's coachman and groom were convicts. I also heard her say to her in-

tended, "Of course, my dear, when we go to England we shall attend the Queen's 'at homes' at Buckingham Palace." Probably, her notions were derived from the fact, that all respectable people are usually admitted to Government House and her ideas of a levee would be derived from those she had seen at the same place, where men sometimes walk about in shooting-jackets, and with umbrellas under their arms. I have talked with "native youths," but never elicited from them that they entertained any wish to visit England. Those I happened to see desired nothing that they did not know, and it was in vain to endeavour to impress upon them that the acquisition of new ideas, by visiting new scenes, would give them sources of pleasure hitherto untouched by them. Yet, the education of youth is by no means neglected; at least, it is carefully attended to in Sydney. In the country, boys are too often allowed to run wild.

But, having incidentally introduced the currency lasses, where shall I stop? Many of them are undoubtedly very pretty, and some possess a delicacy of feminine loveliness that is very uncommon.

FICTION.

Lady Alice or the New Una. A Novel. In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1849.

THIS new novel has at least the merit of originality: we do not remember any to which it is indebted either for its incidents or its characters. The conception is very bold, and the execution is masterly. Whether it will be approved by those who think all means right for promulgating their own opinions, and all wrong that convey doctrines from which they differ, is another question, not within the province of literary criticism. Our business is to inquire into its merits as a novel, apart from its peculiar tenets, and, as such, we can have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be, with but one or two exceptions, the best fiction the season has yet produced. Great variety has been imparted to it by the laying of the scene out of England—the entire plot being developed during a continental tour, and which affords to the author an opportunity, of which he has skilfully availed himself, to introduce many vivid descriptions of the cities, their works of art, their people, and their social habits, giving to it almost the interest, and the information too, of a tour by an accomplished traveller.

The story we leave to be gathered from its pages, because we do not deem it fair to the author to mar the reader's pleasure by anticipating the end. The character of the Lady ALICE, the heroine, is delicately drawn, with a nice appreciation of the fine traits of the true woman's heart, inasmuch that we are much inclined to set down the writer as a lady, and not, as was rumoured, of our own sex; for we have observed that only the very loftiest genius among us is successful in the portraiture of woman.

The composition is extremely lively; the narrative never flags for a moment; the reader's interest is not suspended over pages of dull description or duller disquisition; the dialogue is always smart, and often brilliant, and it is written in good, sound, vigorous English. It will certainly be much in demand at the libraries.

A specimen or two of the author's manner will sufficiently show the justice of some of our commendations, others cannot be exhibited by extracts.

THE HEROINE'S REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE.

It was quite true that the designation of the marquis as her husband, by the wish of her brother, to whom she was so much indebted, had not availed to secure the acquiescence of the young heiress, in a matter

that concerned herself supremely. Yet no doubt it was so far influential that it led her to balance seriously the claims of one, of whom, otherwise, it is probable she would never have thought at all. It always gave him an advantage; and, could Alice be brought once more to consider a suit she had rejected, might decide her choice. It was quite true, also, that she was attached, or at least entertained a girlish fancy for another. But this was an alliance at which Alice felt scruples, more serious than the Marquis would have credited, and which in the case of a young lady of so much importance, would be opposed by so many obstacles. It is a ruled case that women are very like to marry men whom they have refused, and that few ever marry their first love. Alice, indeed, had resolved on being one of the exceptions, if ever she married at all—a common resolution at seventeen—but the resolutions formed at that charming epoch of female existence, are not apt to resemble the laws of the Medes and Persians, which alter not. Lord Wessex could always count on Edith's influence in his favour, and this, in due course, was sure to tell. Their intellectual rating was so very different, that Alice was always treating Edith sportively, but she really loved her dearly, and deferred very much to her opinion, or, rather, to her feeling, on points of conscience. She would pout or laugh at her elder sister's grave counsels, but she generally did as she was advised. In short she was tractable, though spirited; and though she never would yield when she believed herself in the right, and in such cases amused herself with pretending to be self-willed, she never had the wrong-headedness to persevere merely because she "had said she would." On the contrary, from the subtle organization of her mind, and profound education, Alice had often the appearance of inconsistency. She saw how much could be said on both sides. She perceived the reasonableness of what Edith urged, that perfect bliss was not to be expected in this world. She must make up her mind to a lot, in some respects incomplete. Admitting that Clifford was the faultless hero that Alice supposed, still the loveliness of the latter might serve a higher end, in securing the feebler virtue of a young nobleman like Lord Wessex, whose position exposed him to a thousand temptations, but who, influenced by a wife that he loved and revered, might be everything that was good; and so greatly useful, than in merely rewarding an excellence, which, if it were what she deemed, must be sustained by higher motives. This was the way to talk to Alice. But when Edith went on to illustrate her position by a reference to her own history, and mentioned that George, whom Alice loved and respected, so kind a husband and brother, so esteemed and looked up to for his high character and talents, had been sadly wild as a very young man, and how he had been reformed by his love for herself, and so on, the beautiful lip of the younger sister curled. It was very well for Edith, who was so good herself, to have achieved a transformation of that sort, but she (Alice) did not pretend to be a saint. She really had no mind to be married at all, as Edith was well aware; but if ever she did wed, it would certainly not be, knowingly, any young man who had been a little wicked. It was not necessary to be wicked, she was sure. There was Courtenay; could there be a manlier fellow? He had been at Eton, and at the University, and he was very popular at both; yet how more than correct, how pure-minded, how conscientious he was! She knew him as well as she knew Edith, and talked to him almost as frankly, and she believed he detested as much the very idea of doing wrong as she herself, and Alice, even talking to her sister, crimsoned with the emotion of indignant modesty.

At the same time, Alice by no means associated with this her objections to Lord Wessex. She had an idea that the latter had formed, in early youth, an attachment or a sudden fancy, that he never got over, for Edith herself; and that his long friendship for Ludovic Stratherne, and, finally, his present fancy for her, were results of that first impression.

Indeed, the Marquis had persuaded Lady Edith that such was the case, and Edith had communicated her conviction to her sister. Alice thought that such fidelity to a youthful sentiment was an extremely respectable trait, to say the least, and though the Marquis did not interest her imagination, he did interest a good deal the least selfish and most generous impulses of the heart. His incomprehensible rudeness in not taking her

offered hand in Madame de Schönberg's parlour, offended her for the moment; but, directly after, she concluded that it must have been in the pride of an unrequited attachment, that he had declined this mark of a friendship that perhaps insulted one who coveted love. Alice sympathized with spirit. Lord Wessex seemed less weak, in showing, as she supposed, a resentment of this sort. And a girl brought up as she had been, necessarily felt to the utmost the attaching influence of familiarity. In the intimacy of a week's travel in their company, he had become associated with persons and objects the most dear to her. She was very gracious to him all the rest of the day, and after even-song in Edith's room,—his being admitted to which made him appear really one of the family, her manner was tinged with absolute tenderness. She even confessed, as she bade him good-night, and took her way alone to her chamber, that it would pain her to lose wholly the power she possessed over him, or to regard him as a being who ought to be indifferent to herself.

A SCENE IN THE DUOMO AT MILAN.

At an early hour of the morning which succeeded the re-union at the Palazzo Santisolo, indications of an important departure about to take place might be observed at the Hotel de Ville at Milan. As many as six travelling carriages of various builds were successively run out in front of the hotel. They were already packed. Servants were busy changing and rechanging certain minute arrangements. This continued about half-an-hour. It was now six o'clock, and although many of the shops were not opened, the streets had the bustling animation which belongs to the summer morning in the cities of the South. There were citizens going to market, and girls fetching water, dressed in neat pointed jackets, and dark petticoats, their heads uncovered, except by their own well arranged and shining hair. There were peasants with baskets on their heads, or driving donkeys that trotted along under enormous panniers laden with fruit and vegetables.

On the side of the broad strada opposite the hotel, in the doorway of one of the closed shops, was an individual enveloped in a large blue cloak, and having a broad-brimmed hat of the country drawn over his eyes. He watched with seeming carelessness, the operations proceeding about the carriages. As the great clock of the Duomo struck six, a female passed out from the great entrance of the hotel, and proceeded down the street, in the direction of the Piazza. The stranger's eye pursued her figure as it glanced behind the screen of carriages, till emerging beyond them, she came fairly in sight. The back of her bonnet, her shawl, and the extremity of her robe, were all that was visible, except a profusion of bright ringlets that escaped from under her Tuscan. The stranger started, and after a look at the hotel, to see that he was not observed, proceeded slowly in the same direction, but keeping the opposite side of the street.

The bright ringlets were gently shaken as their owner moved on rapidly, lifting a little her ample garments as she walked. When she arrived in sight of the Duomo, she crossed the street, evidently to see the cathedral to better advantage, and held on her way with an unslackened pace, and looking at the vast pile, on that side deeply blackened by the weather, and by time, but crowned by fret-work pinnacles and minarets of snowy whiteness, now sparkling in the morning sun like Alpine summits. As soon as she got abreast of the cathedral front, she recrossed the street, and entered by the north door. The individual in the blue cloak and broad-brimmed pagliotto, who, in consequence of her crossing the street, was now, though walking slowly, close behind her, as soon as she had entered, crossed over too, and entered by the same portal.

The lady was at the *bénitier*. She dipped the tip of her finger in the holy water, crossed herself in the usual way and moved on. Her movements had lost the graceful liberty which might have suited either youth or coquetry. Her hands were modestly crossed, and the flowing skirts of her robe swept the pavement. She looked down the beautiful north aisle; she passed between the mighty pillars, on to the nave; she stopped, and her eye wandered down the line of sculptured shafts and up to the richly groined vaulting of the roof they sustained.

Within the far gloom of the choir, two candles were lighted on the high altar, and a priest was saying low

mass. A bell announced the consecration. The lady instantly knelt, and when the bell announced a finished consecration of the chalice, rose, walked up the nave to the benches, where a congregation of both sexes were hearing mass, passed in among them, knelt, crossed herself, and remained in a posture of devout attention.

Family Failings. A Novel. In 3 vols.
London: Newby. 1849.

THERE is no pretension about this novel. It is a tale of our own time, inartificially constructed, with natural and probable incidents, introducing a crowd of personages, such as one meets in every-day life. It is the history of the family of "Sir JOSIAH WALGRAVE, a sort of small Hudson, his wife, who is as sanguine a schemer as himself, but her cunning directed to the obtaining of eligible matches for her two daughters, of opposite tempers and tastes. Round these, as a centre, and associated with their destinies, are Mr. SPILDIN, an artist, who plays also the part of a philosopher, Squire LEIGH and his sons, HORACE, a gentleman, and LUKE, a semi-clown, and one Mr. FREDERICK KEANE, who is the destined object of mamma's schemes. Other minor persons are mingled with these more prominent ones, and if not remarkable for any novelty of conception, they are sketched without exaggeration. The dialogues are never tedious, and they take the tone of real conversation. The composition is free from faults and fluent. The author will improve with practice; but if this be, as it appears, a first attempt, it is a very creditable one and full of promise. We have only noticed some tautologies, which are errors of haste, and which we would recommend the writer to avoid in his next novel by giving to it more careful correction in the proof. We take one passage as a specimen. It is a well-drawn picture of

A FUNERAL.

What Mrs. Leigh felt in her now desolate room at the old house, when the stranger men came to profane with their touch the sad resting-place of her husband; that she felt when they had carried it forth, and she was left there alone, none but a widow indeed as she was, could describe; the night before the funeral the coffin was taken away, she had sat and watched it till nature and even reason seemed about to fail together; but nothing would induce her to take any composing medicine; nothing would induce her to remain one instant separated from all that remained to her of long years of peaceful happiness, whilst he was still within the old walls of his home. No sooner had the strangers, whose presence revolted her beyond all bearing, left the gilded and ornamented coffin in its destined place for the night, that it might be ready for the morning which was to be so terrible for her, then Mrs. Leigh descended to the dining-room where it was laid; there, in the scene of so many happy and merry hours, the very room seemed ringing still with his hearty and good-tempered laugh; then locking the door, refusing the passionate and tearful entreaties of Horace and Mrs. Vernon to be allowed to bear her company; there, with his bible, the one that had been his, with that one only comforter, did the widowed Mrs. Leigh keep watch.

In every-day life so easy, so quiet, so apparently calm and feelingless, who would have suspected her of this passionate love for the sad remains of the old master of the Leigh? But he had been good and kind to her; he was the husband of her youth, the cheerful partner of a long life of calm and uneventful happiness; never had a word of anger or recrimination passed between them, his wish was hers—she had vegetated there with a peace and quietness rarely allotted to any in this life of care and toil; he had done everything, thought of everything; she had been a mere cypher in her own house; but that she liked, and now so suddenly, so very suddenly, she had lost her happiness, her stay, her all.

She had not closed her eyes even for an instant, when the busy sound outside told her, in language not to be

mistaken, that the hour was come when she must take a last farewell of all she held so dear.

She started and uttered a faint scream, as a knock, gentle and low as it was, came to the door, it was poor Horace entreating for admission, which she again refused: he told her in a voice of deep emotion, that she "must soon leave the room."

There was a pause, and then she came close up to the door, and whispered in a choked unnatural tone he scarcely knew for hers, "Wait half-an-hour, Horace, I must and will have half-an-hour more, and then take care that no one is in the way, let me see no one I implore; send them all—all—away, then come for me, Horace, and I will—leave—him."

He was glad to hear his mother burst into a flood of tears, they were the first that she had shed.

What passed in that sad half-hour was never known, there was no sound in that chamber of the dead.

But when the time had elapsed, Horace again made known his presence, not a creature was in his way. After a few moments of terrible suspense to him, for his mother made no answer, at last he heard her step, she opened the door, and, supported by Horace, she tottered up to her own room; hastily entering without a word, she just pressed the kind hand of her son, and again locked herself in.

Flinging herself upon her knees, she remained in that position, though her thoughts were too confused to pray. The sounds below almost maddened her.

The carriages, with those who were to attend the funeral, began to arrive, with sounds which till that day had been signals of pleasantness and mirth.

Then there came one with a heavier a different noise of wheels, and she guessed what that was, then strange heavy steps, made heavy by a burden, came down the echoing hall, and she heard them slowly and with muttered words of cation, descend the steps. She would have given worlds to have shut out these horrible though slight indications of what was doing below. She might so easily have ceased to listen, but she was fascinated; and with starting eyes and ears whose nerves were fearfully excited, with hands too tightly clasped, that unconsciously the nails were wounding her, she listened on. By some mismanagement the coffin jarred against the room of the porch. She knew what it must be—and clasping her hands upon her eyes, she shrieked aloud, as if the jar had power to harm the cold and senseless form within! It was a horrible aggravation of her anguish, that little accident. Her senses were a thousand-fold more acute that day than they had ever been, and each added to her sufferings.

She heard the grating, scraping sound, then the narrow couch of the poor old squire was placed within the hearse, (her room was just over the porch), and she heard the door of it shut to with a sharp bang, which struck her heart as if it had been a blow.

Then, with so many horses, whose footsteps creaked strangely on the gravel, so many steps at once, the hearse moved on.

Poor Mrs. Leigh gave a low cry; and then it stopped, waiting for the carriages.

In silence and with noiseless steps the first party passed down the hall, and entered the mourning coach, tottering in some degree under the influence of his sincere affliction, she still knew the footsteps of her son, and a deeper contraction of anguish passed over her sorrow-stricken face.

Then came the common, every-day society like sounds of carriages, and doors shutting, and wheels; the frequent pauses maddened her, but at last they all, all drove away.

From where she sat, such was the nature of the ground about Leigh, that she must see the funeral procession wind up the long steep hill, on towards the church, and she sat there with tearless and widely-dilated eyes, watching till it should come out from the shelter of the trees.

It came creeping so heavily along, the hearse and its train.

She sat and looked, adding to her distress by every second of time; feeling more and more this terrible proof of the reality of all which had more than once appeared to her like a painful night-mare, yet she gazed on, as if it had been a pageant in which she had no personal interest whatever.

The long procession moved very slowly on, and then the hearse, with its precious freight, passed out of sight,

bearing it on towards the final resting-place, a shiver ran throughout her frame, but she still watched.

One by one the mourning coaches past over the brow of the steep hill, showing themselves, as that tall hearse, with all its nodding plumes had done, distinctly drawn in black against the sunny sky. Then came the carriages of friends, with their slow pace, so different now to what it had been; and then the last of them passed out of sight.

Then Mrs. Leigh felt that all was indeed over, the loss was now too certain and too real; the unnatural tension of her nerves gave way, and she flung herself in an agony of tears upon her bed. Her face and hands were met by a strange-feeling substance, the touch of which gave her another shock: she had buried her face unwillingly in the deep crape of her fresh widow's weeds.

The sight of those sad habiliments, sacred to such a loss as hers, and to that only, filled up the measure of her grief; and giving no answer through the day to all the anxious comes to that chamber with its barred door, the widow mourned so deeply, and with such a bitter grief, it was a wonder that she could endure, unused to anguish as she was, such new and terrible emotion.

Mrs. Vernon had her share of sorrow too, but she was more composed, her love for Horace too, led her to exert herself to overcome her own morbid impressions, and so slowly and wearily the days moved on, and yet no news of Luke.

One trial was still in store, those terrible letters of condolence coming day by day perhaps for weeks, opening the wounds sorrow had made afresh, letters, some of feeling, and with a sense of real religion, leading the sufferer by some well-timed thought to the one source of comfort, others—mere conventional and lifeless forms, written without a feeling,—to be answered with so many painful ones! Such sympathy adds to the anguish that it was meant to soothe.

The Sea Lions: or the Lost Sealers. By the Author of "The Red Rover," &c. In 3 vols. London: Bentley.

WE are glad to greet Mr. COOPER upon new ground, for he had fairly exhausted his old haunts. He has selected for delineation, in the novel before us, a peculiar phase of sailor-life, and a very remarkable class of the American community. But we notice an absence of the novelist's early vigour: he paints more feebly: his spirits flag; he cannot work himself up to the excitement requisite to kindle a similar emotion in his readers. The subject afforded an ample opportunity for exercise of the imagination, for he takes us to the Arctic circle and keeps us there for a whole winter; but, although never wanting in interest, he has certainly not made the best of his materials; he might have done a great deal better, and we have a right to expect the best from one who has done so well before.

Mr. COOPER's design is to depict a class of persons found some thirty years since on the coast of New England, who were at once sailors and farmers, taking to the sea during one part of the year, guiding the plough and gathering the harvest in another. They had peculiar habits, customs, manners and tastes; and to exhibit these is the purpose of the *Sea Lions*. The plot we find thus excellently condensed by a contemporary. Deacon PRATT is the rich man of a little out-of-the-way port on Long Island, and the exemplar of a small congregation. In the decline of the Deacon's life, a dying sailor has been landed at Oyster Pond, and possesses two secrets which he partly reveals to the Deacon. One relates to a knowledge of gold, buried by pirates on one of the keys in the West Indies; another to an island in a Southern latitude frequented by seals. At the instance of the dying Daggett, the Deacon fits out a vessel called the *Sea Lion*; but Daggett expires before she is ready for sailing. The Deacon opens the sailor's chest, obtains the latitude and longitude of both places, and in due time despatches his vessel on her voyage. Daggett's family, however, though the Deacon has obliterated the marks on the chart, discover enough to fit out a vessel of their own, which is also called the *Sea Lion*, and dogs the ship of the Deacon. The rivalry between "The *Sea Lions*" in sailing, the storms they encounter, the whale-chase during their course, their separation off Cape Horn, their meeting again at the seal island, and their numerous adventures among

the ice-bound groups till they are at last shut in and compelled to winter there, through the cupidity of Daggett,—determined to complete his cargo if he perish—constitute the nautical interest of the book; as the preliminary passages, forming a large part of the first volume, serve to depict the peculiar society at home. There is a love-story between the Deacon's niece and Roswell Gardiner, the captain of the Deacon's vessel; the obstacle to which is Roswell's Unitarian religious creed.

The adventures in the northern scenes during their compulsory exile, are drawn with minute accuracy from the narratives of the voyagers there; but the story is somewhat marred by the introduction of a good deal of out-of-place theology, by which the conversion of Roswell is effected. There is throughout the same besetting sin of all COOPER'S later novels, long prosy dialogues, disquisitional rather than dramatic, and which even the most patient reader will be sure to skip.

The following is the sketch of

THE DEACON.

There are two great species of deacons; for we suppose they must all be referred to the same genera. One species belong to the priesthood, and become priests and bishops; passing away, as priests and bishops are apt to do, with more or less of the savour of godliness. The other species are purely laymen, and are *sui generis*. They are, *ex officio*, the most pious men in a neighbourhood, as they sometimes are, is it would seem to us, *ex officio*, also the most grasping and mercenary. As we are not in the secrets of the sects to which these lay-deacons belong, we shall not presume to pronounce whether the individual is elevated to the deaconate because he is prosperous, in a worldly sense, or whether the prosperity is a consequence of the deaconate: but, that the two usually go together is quite certain; which being the cause, and which the effect, we leave to wiser heads to determine.

Deacon Pratt was no exception to the rule. A tighter fisted sinner did not exist in the county than this pious soul, who certainly not only wore, but wore out the "form of godliness," while he was devoted, heart and hand, to the daily increase of worldly gear. No one spoke disparagingly of the deacon, notwithstanding. So completely had he got to be interwoven with the church—"meeting," we ought to say—in that vicinity, that speaking disparagingly of him would have appeared like assailing Christianity. It is true that many an unfortunate fellow-citizen in Suffolk had been made to feel how close was the gripe of his hand, when he found himself in its grasp; but there is a way of practising the most ruthless extortion, that serves not only to deceive the world, but which would really seem to mislead the extortioner himself. Phrases take the place of deeds, sentiments those of facts, and grimaces those of benevolent looks, so ingeniously and so impudently, that the wronged often fancy that they are the victims of a severe dispensation of Providence, when the truth would have shown that they were simply robbed.

We do not mean, however, that Deacon Pratt was a robber. He was merely a hard man in the management of his affairs; never cheating, in a direct sense but seldom conceding a cent, to generous impulses, or to the duties of kind. He was a widower and childless, circumstances that rendered his love of gain still less pardonable; for many a man who is indifferent to money on his own account, will toil and save to lay up hoards for those who are to come after him. The deacon had only a niece to inherit his effects, unless he might choose to step beyond that degree of consanguinity, and bestow a portion of his means on cousins. The church—or, to be more literal, the "meeting"—had an eye on his resources, however; and it was whispered it had actually succeeded, by means known to itself, in squeezing out of his tight grasp no less a sum than one hundred dollars, as a donation to a certain theological college. It was conjectured by some persons that this was only the beginning of a religious liberality, and that the excellent and godly-minded deacon would bestow most of his property in a similar way when the moment should come that it could be no longer of any use to himself. This opinion was much in favour with divers devout females of the deacon's congregation, who had daughters of their own, and who seldom failed to conclude their observations on this interesting subject with some such remark as, "Well, in that case, and it seems to me that everything points that way, Mary Pratt will get no more than any other poor man's daughter."

Let us now turn to a closing scene:

THE DEACON'S FUNERAL.

There is usually great haste in this country in getting rid of the dead. In no other part of the world with which we are acquainted are funerals so simple or so touching, placing the judgment and sins which lead to it in a far more conspicuous light than rank, or riches, or personal merits. Scarfs and gloves are given in town, and gloves in the country; though scarfs are rare; but, beyond these, and the pall, and the hearse, and the weeping friends, an American funeral is a very unpretending procession of persons in their best attire; on foot, when the distance is short; in carriages, in waggons, and on horseback, when the grave is far from the dwelling. There is, however, one feature connected with a death in this country that we could gladly see altered. It is the almost indecent haste, which so generally prevails, to get rid of the dead. Doubtless the climate has had an effect in establishing this custom; but the climate by no means exacts the precipitancy that is usually practised.

As there were so many friends from a distance present, some of them took the control of affairs. Mary shrinking back into herself, with a timidity natural to her sex and years, the moment her care could no longer serve her uncle, the funeral of the deacon took place the day after that of his death. It was the solemn and simple ceremony of the country. The Rev. Mr. Whittle conceived that he ought to preach a sermon on the occasion of the extinguishment of this "bright and shining light," and the body was carried to the meeting-house where the whole congregation assembled, it being the Sabbath. We cannot say much for the discourse, which had already served as eulogiums on two or three other deacons, with a simple substitution of names. In few things are the credulous more imposed on than in this article of sermons. A clergyman shall preach the working of other men's brains for years, and not one of his hearers detect the imposition, purely on account of the confiding credit it is customary to yield to the pulpit. In this respect, preaching is very much like reviewing—the listener, or the reader, being too complaisant to see through the great standing mystifications of either. Yet preaching is a work of high importance to men, and one that doubtless accomplishes great good, more especially when the life of the preacher corresponds with his doctrine; and even reviewing, though infinitely less moment, might be made a very useful art, in the hands of upright, independent, intelligent, and learned men. But nothing in this world is as it should be, and centuries will probably roll over it ere the "good time" shall really come!

The day of the funeral being the Sabbath, nothing that touched on business was referred to. On the following morning, however, "the friends" assembled early in the parlour, and an excuse for being a little pressing was made, on the ground that so many present had so far to go. The deacon had probably made a remove much more distant than any that awaited his relatives.

Owen Tudor: an Historical Romance. By the Author of "Whitefriars," &c. In 3 vols. London: Colburn.

DURING the last month no less than one hundred and four circulating libraries have ordered *THE CRITIC*, with the purpose of adopting it as their guide in the choice of the books which they shall order—and every post adds to this gratifying list. It therefore becomes necessary that we should not omit to notice any new novel that appears; but it is equally necessary, in establishing this rule, to make some definite regulation as to the order of the notices.

The plan we propose to follow is this: All novels sent for review by the publishers or authors, will have the precedence of notice; but it is not our purpose to observe the usual practice, and confine our notice to such only as are transmitted. The design of *THE CRITIC* being the convenience of readers, it is our wish that every work of fiction shall be introduced here at more or less length, and therefore we shall do no more than give precedence to such as are sent; having waited a fortnight or so for them, we shall procure from a circulating library those which have not come in the regular course, and give short notices of them, sufficient, we hope, to enable our readers to form a judgment whether they should buy or borrow them, although necessarily we shall be unable to prove our opinion by extracts.

With this explanation of our plan, we proceed now to

bring up the arrears of notices of novels, not received, which have been published since the beginning of the year.

The first is that named as above. It is, as its title terms it, an Historical Romance, the hero being the grandfather of the seventh Harry, whose adventures in love and war are the subject of the story. In this, as in his former novels, the author errs in an excess of fertility: he piles up incidents even to confusion: he loves surprises: he is ever in the superlative degree: his personages are constantly forming: his dialogues are all passion: his descriptions are all exaggerated. If he were quieter he would be more pleasing, for he does not want power, and his imagination requires the curb rather than the spur. This is so rare a fault with English novelists, who usually err in the opposite extreme of tameness and deficiency of invention, that we are loth to rebuke it; but our duty to a promising writer requires that we should declare our actual opinion, in hope that he will be induced to tame his ardour somewhat for the future. In other respects it is interesting and will agreeably pass an idle hour.

Dudley Cranbourne, or a Woman's History. In 3 vols. London: Bentley.

THERE is much originality in this novel. The plot is ingenious, early awakening the reader's interest, and sustaining it to the end. The history, however, is of two women and not of one only; as the title would imply. Sentiment, which is so often found to veil sensuality, in one case produces the fall of a widow of intellect and virtue, before the unintentional seductions of an equally virtuous and intellectual nobleman; while the wife of the latter falls also, but in consequence of egregious vanity and from weakness of character. The manner in which these like results from opposite causes are brought about, is wrought with great art and described with uncommon vigour. The composition is dramatic, and a knowledge of human nature is apparent in every page. For the reason stated in the previous notice we are unable to illustrate our remarks by extracts.

The Course of Revolution. In 3 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

THE revolution at Naples in which CARACCIOLI triumphed and fell, is the foundation of the plot of this novel. The hero is Count CARAFA, and the heroine MARINA VERCELLI. Among the most prominent of the *dramatis personæ* are the Queen of Naples, Lord NELSON, and Lady HAMILTON, who are introduced and handled somewhat coarsely. The descriptions of the miseries of civil conflict are spirited, and perhaps true, but we sicken of such a train of horrors long before we come to the end of the story: we cannot therefore recommend it to our readers' regards.

Eighteen-hundred and Twelve: A Historical Romance from the German. By MARY NORMAN. In 3 vols. London: Bentley.

THIS is noticed from a borrowed copy, and therefore more briefly than its merits appear to deserve. The subject is the invasion of Russia by NAPOLEON, and the greater portion of the narrative consists of a very minute and graphic description of the march and the retreat. The story with which this is mingled, and which serves to introduce the various scenes of suffering, is slightly constructed, but the interest never flags, and it may be read as a work of information as well as of amusement.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Tour in Sutherlandshire; with Extracts from the Field-books of a Sportsman and Naturalist. By CHARLES ST. JOHN, Esq. Author of "Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands." In 2 vols. London: Murray. 1849.

[Continued from page 155.]

WE presented, in our former notice, Mr. St. John's graphic description of the adventurous

manner in which himself and his companion made prize of an osprey's nest. Survey now his picture of the bird as it is seen in its native haunts :

THE OSPREY.

Though the osprey is, generally speaking, so very rare in Britain, it frequents this locality, which seems particularly to suit it. Large tracts of the country here are almost unseen by human beings from one end of the year to the other. Covered with grey rocks, and broken up into a succession of small hollows, in most of which there are lochs, all abounding in trout, this district is exactly suited for the osprey, while it is unfit for any other animal; the sheep remain more on the extensive and grassy slopes, where they not only find plenty of food, but are more under the eye and protection of mankind. A shepherd in the broken, rocky tracts of country, can have no chance of finding or seeing his flock, while, at the same time, the pasturage is worth but little, consisting wholly of rank heather. Nor is the ground at all better adapted for the grouse shooter, as he would never keep sight of his dogs for two minutes together. For these reasons the osprey is but little disturbed, and lives unmolested for years. Even if a shepherd does pass the loch, the bird sits securely on her isolated rock, out of reach of all danger; as her nest can only be approached, in most instances, by swimming. I generally saw the osprey fishing about the lower pools of the rivers, near their mouths; and a beautiful sight it is. The long-winged bird hovers (as a kestrel does over a mouse) at a considerable distance above the water, sometimes on perfectly motionless wing, and sometimes wheeling slowly in circles, turning her head and looking eagerly down at the water; she sees a trout when at a great height, and suddenly closing her wings, drops like a shot bird into the water, often plunging completely under, and at other times appearing scarcely to touch the water; but seldom failing to rise again with a good-sized fish in her talons. The feet of the osprey are extremely rough, and the toes placed in a peculiar manner, so as to give the best possible chance of holding her slippery prey. Sometimes, in the midst of her swoop, the osprey suddenly stops herself in the most abrupt manner, probably because the fish, having changed its position, is no longer within her range; she then hovers again, stationary in the air, anxiously looking below for the re-appearance of her prey. Having well examined one pool, she suddenly turns off, and with rapid flight takes herself to an adjoining part of the stream, where she again begins to hover and circle in the air. On making a pounce into the water, the osprey dashes the spray up far and wide, so as to be seen for a considerable distance.

The rapidity and certainty of stroke that a bird must possess to enable it to catch so quick a creature as the sea-trout can scarcely be understood. One would naturally suppose that the trout, in its own element, would give a bird not the slightest chance of catching it, particularly as this can only be done at one dash, the osprey of course not being able to pursue a trout under the water like a cormorant. All fly-fishers must know the lightning-like rapidity with which a trout darts up from the depth of several feet, and with unerring aim seizes the fly almost before its wings touch the water; and yet here is a large bird, hovering directly over, and in full view of the water, which manages to catch the rapid darting trout with an almost certain swoop, although one would naturally suppose that the fish would be far off, in the depth of the pool, or behind some place of refuge, long before the bird could touch the water. In the same manner it has often puzzled me how the terns can with such certainty pounce upon and catch so quick a little fish as the sand-eel: the tern's feet not being at all suited for holding anything, these birds catch the sand-eel with their bills.

The osprey is not nearly so early as the eagle in breeding; in fact the latter is far advanced towards hatching her eggs before the osprey arrives in Scotland. It is said the ospreys always arrive in pairs; if so, however, it is not easy to understand how, when one out of a pair is killed, the remaining bird can find a mate, which it generally manages to do. There are, too, but very few in Britain at any time, their principal headquarters seeming to be in America; and though living in tolerable peace in the Highlands, they do not appear

to increase nor to breed in any localities excepting where they find a situation for their nest similar to what I have already described. As they in no way interfere with the sportsman or others, it is a great pity that they should ever be destroyed.

Let us follow him to

LOCH URIGILL.

We first made for a small island covered with the brightest green foliage that I ever saw, which, however, turned out to be nothing but the wild leek. The nature of the plant was most unpleasantly forced upon my observation by the very strong scent the leaves produced when trodden upon.

There were three of these beautiful birds (the black-throated diver) on the loch, but no eggs. On some of the other islands were a number of wild geese (*Anser ferus*), the original kind from which our common domestic goose is derived. They had two or three nests on one island, but we found no eggs. Their nests were large and quite exposed; consisting of a large mass of down, kept together by coarse grass and herbage. The old birds, when disturbed, flew off the island, some of them alighting on the loch, and others on the short green grass about the edge of the water, where they commenced grazing after the manner of tame geese. Having procured one or two specimens of the black-throated diver, I landed, and sat down to enjoy the magnificent scenery and all its accompaniments. The peewit, redshank, curlew, and golden plover, kept up a constant warfare of clamour against me for some time, till, finding that I did not molest them, they gradually returned to their domestic occupations. All these birds had probably eggs near the spot. After a short time they ran and walked about fearlessly, quite regardless of my being so near them; while the lively and restless little dunlin ran almost over my feet without fear, as I sat near the edge of the loch.

I had left a line with several hooks baited with small trout in the lake near the inn, and on returning found a salmon *ferox*, which weighed something above two pounds on it. While taking in the line, a monster trout ran at the fish already caught, and, notwithstanding its size, nearly swallowed it, leaving the marks of his teeth in the shape of deep cuts across the middle of the two-pound trout. I should like to have seen the fish at closer quarters which made an attack on such a goodly sized bait, as he must have been a perfect fresh-water shark. There can be no doubt that in some of these lakes, where the water is deep and the food plentiful, these trout must grow to a size not yet ascertained. None of these lakes have ever been properly fished. A few days' trolling can never be depended on as a proof of the size of the fish in them, more particularly as we all know that the larger a trout is, the less inclined is he to take any bait. I will leave it for others to judge of the size of a trout that could nearly swallow one of his own species weighing considerably above two pounds.

His investigations have added somewhat to our knowledge of one of the mysteries of Natural History.

THE SALMON.

Strange as it seems, it would certainly appear from his observations that a salmon may be kept for any length of time in a river without growing beyond the weight of two to four ounces, and he showed me specimens of salmon which, though of perfect form and condition, did not exceed that size; whereas had they been allowed to reach the sea, they would at the same age have weighed from six to ten pounds each. The growth of salmon when in the sea is wonderful, it having been indisputably proved that a salmon has grown eleven pounds six ounces during the short period of five weeks and two days: the fish having been marked on its passage to the sea, was caught again in the same river when ascending, after an interval of that duration.

The destruction of salmon during their passage to, and residence in, the sea must be wonderful, and defies all calculation. Did all the fish, which descend as fry, return as salmon, the rivers would not hold them. Their enemies are countless; every fish and every sea-fowl preys and fattens on them. At the mouths of rivers, and indeed at every shallow on their passage, thousands of gulls and other birds prey upon the fry, while trouts and eels are feeding on them under water. As soon as they reach the sea too, fish of all kinds are ready to devour them.

Mr. Young told me also that his young family of salmon fry which he hatched and kept confined in ponds connected with the river always became perfectly tame, and the moment that he steps on the plank laid across the ponds for the purpose of feeding the fish from, they all flock round him ready to dart at the food he puts in. In some of the ponds he had put a number of small eels, which soon grew in size, and became as tame and familiar as the young salmon. As the cold weather came on, the eels all disappeared, and he supposed that they had managed to escape, led by their instinct to take refuge in some deeper pools. However, one fine spring day, when he had long ceased to think of his slimy pets, he happened to pass over one of the planks, when he was delighted to see them all issue out from under the stones asking for food, as if a day only, instead of many weeks, had passed since he last had fed them. Does not this most clearly prove that eels lie dormant during cold weather?

I asked Mr. Young if he could explain why at the mouths of rivers, when angling, one always catches such a variety of trout—a variety which does not exist at some distance from the sea, each and every stream having its own peculiar species. His opinion, founded on practical experiment and long experience, coincided much with mine founded on mere casual and unscientific observation.

Now for a few words on

EAGLES' NESTS.

The eggs of these two eagles (the sea eagle and the golden eagle) are very similar to each other; but the different specimens of each sort vary considerably in size and colour. I have seen golden eagles' eggs of many different shades, from one of a pure white to one covered with light red spots; and the white-tailed eagle's eggs vary in the same manner. The eggs of both have a fine strong character about them, which is difficult to understand without seeing the egg. The nests of both kinds are generally formed of sticks of an astonishing size, frequently as large in diameter as a man's arm—these, too, brought from a considerable distance; sometimes it is impossible to say where they can have procured them. The white-tailed eagle does not hesitate to use the coarse sea-ware and tangle for her nest. They build not only in the steepest possible cliff, but generally take advantage of some overhanging shelf, which, concealing the nest from above, makes it doubly secure; occasionally, however, I have known a golden eagle build in a place where an expert climber could reach the nest without the aid of ropes.

The remains of game of all kinds common in the mountains are found in great abundance about their nests when they have young; lambs, also, and near the deer forests, young red deer are taken up to the nest. I cannot say whether they carry up the latter animals whole or not, but their remains always form part of the larder found at an eagle's abode, if it is in a situation where deer abound.

He relates some remarkable instances of the faculty by which animals are enabled to find their way to distant places without the aid of memory to guide them—a faculty which, be it observed, is precisely that developed by human beings in the mesmeric state. Yet do pretended philosophers pronounce that to be impossible in man which can be performed by a cat or a dog!

THE TRAVELLING FACULTY IN ANIMALS.

The instinctive power possessed by so many animals of finding their way back again, either to their accustomed home or to the place from which they had started, appears almost inexplicable, as in many instances it is certain that they cannot be guided by any sense analogous to those which we possess. Well-authenticated instances of dogs and cats, and horses also, finding their way back from great distances to their home, although the mode in which they have been conveyed from it has deprived them of all assistance from their organs of sight, are so frequent as scarcely to excite attention; and yet how wonderful must be the intelligence which guides the animal!

One of the most unquestionable instances of a cat's displaying this faculty which has come under my own immediate observation was that of a kitten about three

parts grown, which certainly had never been in the habit of going ten yards from the house door. Wishing to get rid of her, I sent her in a bag to a person who lived more than two miles from my own residence. Although the cat travelled over a road perfectly unknown to her, and in a bag, which entirely prevented her seeing anything, she was the next morning purring about as usual, and claiming attention in the kitchen, as if she had never left it.

Another curious instance of a cat's travelling capabilities fell under my notice. By some means she discovered the place to which her kitten had been taken; more than a mile off; and every night the poor mother went to suckle her young one, returning, when the process was over, to perform the same service to another kitten left at home. In this instance the cat lived in a large town; through some of the streets of which, as well as a good mile of the outskirts, she had to take her nightly walk. Many a danger from boy and dog the poor animal must have gone through during her peregrinations; nothing, however, stopped her as long as the kitten required her maternal attention. Notwithstanding these amiable traits in the feline character, I must condemn the cat as an animal which in general repays all the care and kindness of her master with but little strength of affection. Indeed her instincts seem to attach her only to the fireplace or loft in which she has been accustomed to live, and not to the kind hand which feeds her. Some instances of love for their owners I have known; but, in comparison with that shown by dogs, they are rare and slight, although the domestic bringing up of, and kindness shown to, cats is often greater, and less mixed with the severe correction often inflicted upon dogs.

How infinitely various are Nature's works, and how perfect. In the remotest places there is study for the longest life, and Mr. St. John, who has had as large experience as any person, says, "for my own part, having devoted many happy years to wandering in the woods and fields at all hours and at all seasons, I have seen so many strange and unaccountable things connected with animal life, that now nothing appears to me too wonderful to be believed." Let the sceptical think of this before they pronounce natural phenomena to be untrue because they cannot discover their causes or trace the manner of their production. How magnificent a spectacle must be the Scotch lakes to the naturalist.

WILD GESE AND WILD SWANS.

The white-fronted geese remained in or near the same district, with only occasional absences, during the whole winter, and until the month of April; their habits in this respect being very unlike those of the bean-geese, who in this region are never stationary for above a few days. The white-fronted goose is the handsomest species, both as to form and plumage, that we ever see in Scotland. The full-grown birds are distinctly and beautifully marked with black bands on the breast, and have a pure white spot on the front of their head. They are of a compact, firm shape, and walk with great activity and lightness while feeding. Unlike the bean-geese, they frequently feed in pools and swamps where some favourite plant grows; and in situations which the sportsman can easily approach, sometimes close to furze or other cover. The other kinds of geese never by any chance commit themselves in the same manner, but always feed and rest in the most open situations, where it is almost impossible to approach them unseen. The white-fronted goose has much more the form and appearance of the common tame goose than the bean-geese. In this respect, as well as in the peculiar shape of the head and bill, it exactly resembles the grey lag.

A single very large wild swan appeared on the lakes on the 18th of October, and on the 20th he was joined by two more. The wild swans, on their first arrival, almost always fly into the bay from the south, coming in flocks of one hundred to two hundred together. The only way I can account for this, knowing that they must of necessity have wended their way from the north, is, by supposing that they first alight on some of the mountain lakes between Findhorn and Strathspey. A large flight of these noble birds, as they circle round

the fresh-water lakes on their first arrival, is one of the most beautiful sights imaginable. There is, too, a wild harmony in their bugle-like cry, as they wheel round and round, now separating into small companies, as each family of five or six seems inclined to alight, and now all joining again in a long undulating line, waiting for the word of command from some old leader, whose long acquaintance with the country and its dangers constitutes him a swan of note among the common herd. At last this leader makes up his mind to alight, and in a few moments the whole flock are gradually sinking down on the calm loch. After a brief moment or two spent in looking round them, with straight and erect necks, they commence sipping the water, and turning their flexible necks into a thousand graceful curves and attitudes. They then break off into small companies, each apparently a separate family, and set to work, with seemingly a most excellent appetite, on the water grasses and plants. I regret to say that the number of wild swans seems to decrease every year.

Another of these pictures of

WILD BIRDS.

The peewits do not leave us till quite the end of October, and during most of the month are in immense numbers on the sands near the mouth of the river. In the dusk of the evening they, as well as the golden plover, leave the sands, and take to the fields in search of worms and snails, generally frequenting the ploughed land or the grass-fields. As I pass along the shore of the bay, large flocks of widgeon fly to and fro as the ebb-tide leaves uncovered the small grassy island and banks. Unlike the mallard and teal, both of which are night-feeding birds, the widgeon feeds at any hour of the day or night indiscriminately, not waiting for the dusk to commence their search for food, but grazing like geese on the grass whenever they can get at it. Although towards the end of winter the shyest of all waterfowl, the widgeon at this season, owing to their not having been persecuted and fired at, may be easily approached, and with a little care may be closely watched as they swim to and fro from bank to bank; sometimes landing, and at other times cropping the grass as they swim along the edge. If a pair of mallards is amongst the flock, the drake's green head is soon seen to rise up above the rest, as his watchfulness is seldom long deceived; with low quacking he warns his mate, and the two then rise, giving an alarm to the widgeon. The latter, after one or two rapid wheels in the air, return to their feeding-ground, but the mallards fly off to a considerable distance before they stop.

As for curlews, peewits, sand-pipers, *et id genus omne*, their numbers in the bay are countless. Regularly as the tide begins to ebb do thousands of these birds leave the higher banks of sand and shingle on which they have been resting, and betake themselves to the wet sands in search of their food; and immense must be the supply which every tide throws up, or leaves exposed, to afford provision to them all. Small shell-fish, shrimps, sea-worms, and other insects form this wondrous abundance. Every bird too out of these countless flocks is not only in good order, but is covered with fat, showing how well the supply is proportioned to the demand; indeed, in the case of all wild birds it is observable that they are invariably plump and well-conditioned, unless prevented by some wound or injury from foraging for themselves.

On the mussel scarps are immense flocks of oyster-catchers, brilliant with their black and white plumage, and bright red bill, and a truly formidable weapon must that bill be to mussel or cockle; it is long and powerful, with a sharp point as hard as ivory, which driven in by the full strength of the bird's head and neck, must penetrate like a wedge into the shell of the strongest shell-fish found on these shores.

The following trait we have often noticed:

The blackcocks, like other birds, are very fond of catching the last evening rays of a winter's sun, and are always to be found in the afternoon on banks facing the west, or swinging, if there is no wind, on the topmost branch of the small fir trees. On the mountains, too, all birds, as the sun gets low, take to the slopes which face the west; whilst in the morning they betake themselves to the eastern banks and slopes to meet his rays. No bird or animal is to be found in the shade during the winter, unless it has flown there for shelter from some imminent danger.

This is very remarkable in the case of the golden plovers, which in the evening ascend from slope to slope as each becomes shaded by intervening heights, until they all are collected on the very last ridge which the sun shines upon. When this is no longer illuminated, and the sun is quite below the horizon, they betake themselves to their feeding places near the seashore or elsewhere. Goats have the same habit.

Here is an anecdote of

THE WOODCOCK.

Many people doubt the fact of the woodcock carrying her young, from the wood to the swamp, in her feet, and certainly the claws of a woodcock appear to be little adapted to grasping and carrying a heavy substance; yet such is most undoubtedly the case. Regularly as the evening comes on, many woodcocks carry their young ones down to the soft feeding-grounds, and bring them back again to the shelter of the woods before daylight, where they remain during the whole day. I myself have never happened to see the woodcocks in the act of returning, but I have often seen them going down to the swamps in the evening, carrying their young with them. Indeed it is quite evident that they must in most instances transport the newly-hatched birds in this manner, as their nests are generally placed in dry heathery woods, where the young would inevitably perish unless the old ones managed to carry them to some more favourable feeding-ground. Both young woodcocks and snipes are peculiarly helpless birds, as indeed are all the waders, until their bills have hardened, and they have acquired some strength of wing and leg. Unlike the young of partridges and some other birds who run actively as soon as hatched, and are able to fly well in a very short time, woodcocks, snipes, and waders while young are very helpless, moving about with a most uncertain and tottering gait, and unable to take wing until they are full grown. Their growth is, however, extremely rapid.

Mr. St. John is convinced that animals have a means of intercommunication which serves the same purpose as language with us, and there is with them a system, even among seeming confusion, as is shewn in this account of

THE NESTS OF SEA BIRDS.

The nesting places of sea-gulls and some other kinds of water-fowl are curious things to see. The constant going to and fro, the screaming and wheeling about of the old birds, and the apparent confusion are perfectly wonderful. The confusion is, however, only apparent. Each guillemot and each razor-bill amongst the countless thousands flies straight to her own single egg, regardless of the crowds of other birds, and undecieved by the myriads of eggs which surround her. So, also, in the breeding places of the black-headed and other gulls, every bird watches over and cares for her own nest—though the numbers are so great, and the tumult so excessive, that it is difficult to conceive how each gull can distinguish her own spotted eggs placed in the midst of so many others, exactly similar in size, shape, and colour; and when at length the young are hatched and are swimming about on the loch, or crowded together on some grassy point, the old birds, as they come home from a distance with food, fly rapidly amidst thousands of young ones, exactly similar to their own, without even looking at them, until they find their own offspring, who, recognising their parents amongst all the other birds, receive the morsel, without any of the other hungry little creatures around attempting to dispute the prize, each waiting patiently for its own parent, in perfect confidence that its turn will come in due season.

And in this of

BIRD LANGUAGE.

When one of the carrion-birds has found a booty, others of the same species who may be wheeling about at a greater distance at once see by his manner of flight and other signs that he has made some discovery, and immediately follow in the same direction, in order that they may come in for their share.

In like manner, when one wild duck has found out a quantity of corn, laid down in any particular place, he soon brings others to the spot, and these again give information to others, until at length large flocks collect

to feed on what was originally discovered by a single bird. I do not mean to infer that they can communicate to each other by any bird-language the existence and locality of the prize found; but they all go to the spot attracted by the manner of flight of the first discoverers, which doubtless tells their companions most plainly that they are winging their way directly towards a depot of food, and not going forth on a vague and uncertain search.

The clamour and noise of crows when they find a prize tell the tale at once to all within hearing, and not to those of their own kind only, but to all ravens or rooks in the neighbourhood.

In the same manner birds communicate alarm and warning, not only to those of their own species, but also to others. Often as the cry of a crow, who has suddenly while passing over my head discovered my hiding-place, caused a flock of geese or other wild-fowl to take wing instantaneously, as if they themselves had seen me; and many a shot have I lost by the cries of peewits and other birds.

We conclude a notice, which we believe our readers will not consider too long, with a description of

BEN LAIGHAL.

The whole view of Ben Laighal is magnificent, and, in driving round it, we had the advantage of seeing it on every side. Towards the loch the mountain slopes down, covered with bright green herbage; but to the north and west nothing can surpass the savage grandeur of its rocky precipices. Viewed from Tongue, Ben Laighal is, I think, the most magnificent looking mountain in Sutherlandshire. Our attention was attracted by the cries of a peregrine falcon, and we saw the two birds flying about a high rock. Having hailed a shepherd's boy, we learned where the nest was, and under his guidance climbed up the mountain—and a good steep climb it was—till we got within a few yards of their nest; so near, indeed, did we reach, that with two joints of my fishing-rod I could just touch the young birds, who were sitting eyeing us boldly and fearlessly on a ledge of rock where the nest was placed. When, however, we attempted to push them out of the nest, they retired farther in, where they were in tolerable security. All the time we were there the old birds flew screaming over our heads. I did not think of a plan that is adopted sometimes to capture young peregrine falcons when the nest cannot be reached without danger. It is very simple, and succeeds with all the courageous kinds of hawks. A person having reached the top of the rock immediately above the nest, ties a rough blue bonnet, or some similar substance, to a bundle of heather the size of a man's head; then dropping this, attached to a rope, upon the nest, the young falcons, instead of being frightened, immediately attack it, and, sticking their talons into the cap, hold on courageously and determinedly till they are dragged up to the top of the cliff. Even then it is sometimes necessary to cut the cap to pieces before they will relinquish their hold. In this way the young birds are captured, without risk to the capturer or injury to themselves. Indeed, on the present occasion I was not very anxious to get them, as they would probably only have been destroyed in travelling.

Between Loch Laighal and Tongue, on driving round the corner of a rock, we suddenly came upon two golden eagles who were hunting close to the road. They were nearly within shot of us; so, leaving the horse and carriage to take care of themselves, we jumped out, gun in hand, to try to get shots at them. Two or three times the birds swooped down, and one of them carried off some bird, probably a grouse, taking it far away round the cliffs of Ben Laighal. The other eagle then made a sudden swoop down to the ground, within a hundred yards of us; but just behind a small hillock; we ran to the place, confident of getting the bird, but arrived just in time to see the eagle carrying off its prey, whatever it was, in the same direction as that taken by its mate, in all probability straight to the nest.

Reaching the brow of a hill, we came in full view of the plantations and bay of Tongue. Beautiful and refreshing to the eye were the woods and cultivated fields of Tongue, bursting into view suddenly as they did, after some days' travelling through the rugged wilds of the interior of Sutherland. The beautiful bay was as smooth as glass, the timber growing to the

water's edge; and the whole scene was made still more striking by the abrupt and precipitous outline of the headlands both of the main land and the islands at the mouth of the Kyle. It is worth a journey of many miles to see the Kyle of Tongue alone.

Tongue House, formerly the residence of Lord Reay, the then proprietor of a magnificent range of mountain property, is one of the most beautiful places of the sort that I ever saw. The house itself is irregular but picturesque; and the gardens, overlooking the sea, are warm, sheltered, and most enjoyable in every respect. The fruit, flowers, and vegetables were growing with as much luxuriance, and were nearly as forward as I should have expected to have seen had they been situated in the southern instead of the northern extremity of the island; while the fine avenues and groves of elm and other trees would do credit to any place in England. All this, combined with the wild outline of rocks and cliffs which nearly surround the bay, and the magnificent precipices of Ben Laighal—all this combined, I say, formed a *coup d'œil* which, though it may be equalled, can scarcely be surpassed in any country. I understood from Mr Horsburgh, the Duke of Sutherland's factor in this district, that his Grace contemplates making a harbour within the Kyle of Tongue.

The keeper pointed out to me from near the inn the site of two eagles' nests in the rocks of Ben Laighal, and a more appropriate or fitting locale for eyries I never saw.

At the entrance to the bay are some islands—one named Roan Island, or the Seal Islands; and the others are called the Rabbit Island, from being tenanted by numbers of these animals. The rabbits, however, must there be of little use, excepting as food to birds of prey. In the winter the eagles and hawks feed greatly upon them. The eider-ducks also breed on these islands; and are so tame when nesting that they allow themselves to be lifted off their nest, and the down of which it is formed to be taken away without deserting it. I saw a few eider ducks swimming about in the bay, amongst numerous cormorants and other birds. The rocks along the coast are inhabited by a great number of wild cats, otters, &c., who live here in tolerable peace, as the game is not much looked after excepting in particular localities. Indeed, the ground near the coast here is not well adapted for grouse. The keeper showed me at his house an immense cat, which he said was bred between a tame and a wild cat; and though such an occurrence is very rare, I am sure that he was correct in this instance. The animal showed certain peculiarities of his wild father's race, in the size and shape of his head, the shortness and roughness of his tail; and in other points had a likeness to the wild cat, which, though difficult to explain, was unmistakable. I have seen this resemblance to both parents in mules of different kinds, such as a mule between blackcock and pheasant, or pheasant and common fowl, in all which birds something catches an accustomed eye which immediately points out what the parents were. The cat, too, belonging to Ross, the Keeper at Tongue, had peculiar wildness and antipathy to strangers, not suffering himself to be caressed, or indeed scarcely to be looked at, by any one excepting the keeper's wife, for whom the animal showed great attachment. When I entered the house he bolted out; and it was with difficulty that Mrs. Ross caught him; and when she brought him in again in her arms, the animal showed the greatest fear of and animosity to me, and was constantly endeavouring to escape.

It was delightful to hear in the plantations at Tongue the coo of the woodpigeon and the songs of thrush, siskin, &c. &c. The trees seemed to be full of birds, most of which, to reach these woods, must have wandered over many miles of ground very uncongenial to their habits and tastes. Indeed it is difficult to understand how many of the birds, such as the golden-crested wren the little blue titmouse, &c., could ever have found their way here. The landrills too, seemed to be numberless; in every patch of corn they were calling and answering each other in such quantities, that it was impossible to tell how many were croaking at once. I also heard two or three goatsuckers, (*Coprimulgus*) making their whirring noise about the stone walls and belts of plantations. All night the sedge-warbler was cheering his mate with his sweet and constant song.

I saw some seals playing the most extraordinary gambols in the smooth water. The sea was as calm as

possible, and like a mirror everywhere, excepting where these animals were swimming after each other in a circle, so rapidly that their track resembled a complete whirlpool. Occasionally they lifted themselves perpendicularly up in the water, showing half their bodies, and looking as like the representation of a mermaid as possible.

Thus it is that the naturalists, beyond all other men, can enjoy and make profitable use of a tour from which others would bring home nothing but recollections of some fine scenery, a good deal of fatigue, and very bad dinners. We hope often again to accompany Mr. Sr. JOHN in his sporting excursions. Every book club should order this delightful work.

A Popular Natural History of Quadrupeds and Birds. By WILLIAM DOWLING. London: Burns.

THE object of this volume is, as the author expresses it, "to present to the lovers of Natural History a few scenes, a landscape or two, as it were, in the immense region of Zoology. The work is not a scientific treatise, or a systematic catalogue; though neither science nor system has been neglected. In each chapter we have endeavoured to present a distinct group of animals, so that the volume may be regarded as a series of pictures, some conducting our thoughts to the depths of the African deserts, others to the impenetrable jungles of India, whilst a few suggest ideas of a wild and solitary life on the dome-like summits of the Andes."

In executing this design, Mr. DOWLING has selected the most curious and amusing anecdotes, and he describes very graphically the habits of animals, their adaptations to the places and objects of their existence, and the regions in which they dwell. He writes with the fervour of a true lover of nature and nature's works, and we know of no book on natural history, save this *1* of MUDIE, so well calculated to attract the youthful mind to its wholesome and elevating study. The volume is adorned with some excellent woodcuts, and it is sure to be one of the most popular in the family library.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Poems, Valentines, and Ballads. A Few Attempts. By JOHN HARDINGE, B. A., Oxon. London: Pickering; and Birmingham: Langbridge.

ATTEMPTS, generally speaking, are better withheld from the public. What the public wants are performances. Considering that there is no absolute dearth of books of amusement and instruction, there is a degree of egotism almost amounting to impertinence in thrusting upon the world a work which contains no new ideas to enlighten, no new or graceful combination of familiar ideas to please, attract, or refine, more especially if such a work be a mere attempt and not the result of care and study. In fact, no one has a right to publish a volume even of the most trifling description without having made it as good as he can. It is an aggravation of, and not an excuse for, the demerits of a work to say that it is merely an attempt.

Mr. HARDINGE has rightly characterized his productions. They are merely attempts, and attempts which hold out but faint promise of future excellence. They belong to what one might term the perfectly colourless style of poetry. They "have no character at all." Their merits and demerits are alike negative. They offer no salient points for the comments of the reviewer, and of all the different sorts of works which come under his notice, are the most puzzling and provoking. We subjoin a specimen, taken at random, of the commonplace, which forms the substance of these verses:

Yet, trifler, judge not thus by seeming show,
Nor hope at hasty glance the truth to know.

Watch well his temper, well his habits scan
Ere thou presume to expound the riddle, man.
Then, amid seeming pleasure, shalt thou know
In specious guise lurks often varied woe,
That noisy laughter often lends its chime
To scarce reflection or remembered crime;
And that the sparkling wine-cup's often sought,
Much less to please the taste than banish thought,
When past the revels, which their senses strain,
And fled the giddy fumes which fill their brain,
Who now display such scenes of boisterous cheer,
Erewhile shall tremble, though no foe is near;
Scared at a shadow, feel the aguish chill,
Which always accompanies on deeds of ill.

We certainly knew all this before, and therefore shall not waste our readers' time and our own by further extract. We advise Mr. HARDINGE for the future to confine his attempts to the poet's corner of his own desk, and to give no greater publicity to his valentines than is conferred by pink paper and the post-office. The bright glance of some fair "Rosa" may perchance rest upon them with delighted approbation, but the literary critic, professionally stern, must view them with a harsher eye.

Reader! walk up at once (it will soon be too late) and buy at a perfectly ruinous rate A Fable for Critics; or better—I like, as a thing that the reader's first fancy may strike, an old fashioned Title-page; such as presents a tabular view of the volume's contents—a Glance at a Few of our Literary Progenies (Mrs. Malaprop's word) from the Tub of Diogenes; that is, a Series of Jokes by a Wonderful Quiz, who accompanies himself with a rub-a-dub-dub, full of spirit and grace on the top of the tub. Set forth in October, the 21st day, in the year '48. By G. P. PUTNAM: New York.

UNDER this quaint title we are presented with a satire upon the authors of America, by one of themselves. This curious collection of portraits is interesting, because they are manifestly truthful, with just enough of caricature to make character prominent, but without the gall which often makes satire painful to the object and displeasing to the reader, who is not as evil-minded as the writer.

The author's facility of rhyme is not the least curious part of this brochure; the metre flows on, not calmly like a broad deep river, but rippling over impediments, leaping and sparkling, yet still rushing along and carrying us with it, amused and attracted, spite of faults of carelessness which are continually apparent. But its merits will best speak for themselves. We will first take a portrait or two:

EMERSON.

There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one, Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on,
Whose prose is grand verse, while his verse the Lord knows, Is some of it pr—No, 'tis not even prose;
I'm speaking of metres; some poems have welled From those rare depths of soul that have never been excelled:
They're not epics, but that doesn't matter a pin,
In creating, the only hard thing 's to begin;
A grass-blade 's no easier to make than an oak,
If you've once found the way, you've achieved the grand stroke;

In the worst of his poems are mines of rich matter,
But thrown in a heap with a crush and a clatter;
Now it is not one thing nor another alone
Makes a poem, but rather the general tone,
The something pervading, uniting the whole,
The before-unconceived, unconceivable soul,
So that just in removing this trifle or that, you
Take away, as it were, a chief limb of the statue;
Roots, wood, bark and leaves, singly perfect may be,
But, clapt hodge-podge together, they don't make a tree.

But, to come back to Emerson, (whom by the way, I believe we left waiting.)—his is, we may say,
A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Exchange;
He seems, to my thinking, (although I'm afraid
The comparison must, long ere this, have been made,)
A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyptian's gold mist
And the Gerson's shrewd wit check-by-jowl co-exist;
All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what;
For though he builds glorious temples, 'tis odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.
'Tis refreshing to old-fashioned people like me,
To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly respected
As parts of himself—just a little projected;
And who's willing to worship the stars and the sun,
A convert to—nothing but Emerson.
So perfect a balance there is in his head,
That he talks of things sometimes as if they were dead;

Life, nature, love, God, and affairs of that sort,
He looks at as merely ideas; in short,
As if they were fossils stuck round in a cabinet,
Of such vast extent that our Earth's a mere dab in it;
Composed just as he is inclined to conjecture her,
Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-nine parts pure lecturer;

You are filled with delight at his clear demonstration,
Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the occasion,
With the quiet precision of science, he'll sort 'em,
But you can't help suspecting the whole a *post mortem*.

Here is one for whom we feel a greater reverence, but who is manifestly no favourite with our American wit.

BRYANT.

There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
As a smooth silent iceberg, that never is ignited,
Save when by reflection 'tis kindled o' nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.
He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation,
(There's no doubt that he stands in supreme ice-olation.)
Your topmast Parnassus he may set his heel on,
But no warm applauses come, peal following peal on,—
He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on:
Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm;
If he stir you at all, it is just on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

The great novelist of America finds a reception scarce more kindly. The sketch is severe, but true.

COOPER.

Here's Cooper, who's written six volumes to show
He's as good as a lord: well, let's grant that he's so;
If a person prefer that description of praise,
Why, a coronet's certainly cheaper than bays;
But he need take no pains to convince us he's not
(As his enemies say) the American Scott.
Choose any twelve men, and let C. read aloud
That one of his novels of which he's most proud,
And I'd lay any bet that, without ever quitting
Their box, they'd be all, to a man, for acquitting.
He has drawn you one character, though, that is new,
One wildflower he's plucked that is wet with the dew
Of this fresh Western world, and the thing not to mince,
He has done nought but copy it ill ever since;
His Indians, with proper respect be it said,
Are just Natty Bumbo daubed over with red,
And his very Long Toms are the same useful Nat,
Rigged up in duck pants and a sou'-wester hat,
(Though, once in a Coffin, a good chance was found
To have slipped the old fellow away underground).
All his other men-figures are clothes upon sticks,
The *dernier chemise* of a man in a fix,
(As a captain besieged, when his garrison's small,
Sets up caps upon poles to be seen o'er the wall;)
And the women he draws from one model don't vary,
All sappy as maples and flat as a prairie.
When a character's wanted he goes to the task
As a cooper would do when composing a cask;
He picks out the staves, of their qualities heedful,
Just hoops them together as tight as is needful,
And, if the best fortune should crown the attempt, he
Has made at the most something wooden and empty.

Don't suppose I would underrate Cooper's abilities,
If I thought you'd do that, I should feel very ill at ease;
The men who have given to one character life
And objective existence are not very rare,
You may number them all, both prose-writers and singers,
Without overrunning the bounds of your fingers,
And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker
Than Adams the parson or Primrose the vicar.

Now for

JOHN NEAL.

There swaggers John Neal, who has wasted in Maine
The sinews and cords of his pugilist brain,
Who might have been poet, but that, in its stead, he
Preferred to believe that he was so already;
Too hasty to wait till Art's ripe fruit should drop,
He must pelt down an unripe and chocky crop;
Who took to the law, and had this sterling plea for it,
It required him to quarrel, and paid him a fee for it;
A man who's made less than he might have, because
He always has thought himself more than he was,—
Who, with very good natural gifts as a bard,
Broke the staves of his lyre out by striking too hard,
And cracked half the notes of a truly fine voice,
Because song drew less instant attention than noise.
Ah, men do not know how much strength is in poise,
That he goes the farthest who goes far enough,
And that all beyond that is just bother and stuff.
No vain man matures, he makes too much new wood;
His blooms are too thick for the fruit to be good;
'Tis the modest man ripens, 'tis he that achieves,
Just what's needed of sunshine and shade he receives;
Grapes, too mellow, require the cool dark of their leaves;
Neal wants balance; he throws his mind always too far,
And whisks out flocks of comets, but never a star;
He has so much music, and loves so to show it,
That he strips himself naked to prove he's a poet,
And, to show he could leap Art's wide ditch, if he tried,
Jumps clean o'er it, and into the hedge t'other side.
He has strength, but there's nothing about him in keeping;
One gets surlier onward by walking than leaping;
He has used his own sinews himself to distress,
And had done vastly more had he done vastly less;
In letters, too soon is as bad as too late,
Could he only have waited he might have been great,
But he plumped into Helicon up to the waist,
And muddled the stream ere he took his first taste.

POE.

There comes Poe with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make people of common sense damn metres,
Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind.

DANA.

Here comes Dana, abstractedly loitering along,
Involved in a paulo-post-future of song,
Who'll be going to write what'll never be written
Till the Muse, ere he thinks of it, gives him the mitten,—
Who is so well aware of how things should be done,
That his own works displease him before they're begun.

That he once was the Idle Man none will deplore,
But I fear he will never be anything more;
The ocean of song heaves and glitters before him,
The depth and the vastness and longing sweep o'er him,
He knows every breaker and shoal on the chart,
He has the Coast Pilot and so on by heart,
Yet he spends his whole life, like the man in the fable,
In learning to swim on his library-table.

Admirably true is this of

N. P. WILLIS.

There is Willis, so natty, and jaunty, and gay,
Who says his best things in so foppish a way,
With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlaid 'em,
That one hardly knows where to thank him for saying 'em;
Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose,
Just conceive of a Muse with a ring in her nose!
His prose had a natural grace of its own,
And enough of it, too, if he'd let it alone;
But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly gets tired,
And is forced to forgive where he might have admired;
Yet whenever it slips away free and unladen,
It runs like a stream, with a musical waste,
And gurgles along with the liquidest sweep;—
'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd have it deep?
In a country where scarcely a village is found
That has not its author sublime and profound,
For some one to be slightly shoal is a duty,
And Willis's shallowness makes half his beauty.
His prose winds along with a blithe, gurgling error,
And reflects all of Heaven it can see in its mirror.
'Tis a narrowish strip, but it is not an artifice,—
'Tis the true out-of-doors with its genuine hearty phiz;
It is Nature herself, and there's something in that,
Since most brains reflect but the crown of a hat.
No volume I know to read under a tree,
More truly delicious than his A I' Abri,
With the shadows of leaves flowing over your book,
Like ripple-shades netting the bed of a brook;
With June coming softly your shoulder to look over,
Breezes waiting to turn every leaf of your book over,
And Nature to criticise still as you read,—
The page that bears that is a rare one indeed.

He's so innate a cockney, that had he been born
Where plain bare-skin's the only full dress that is worn,
He'd have given his own such an air that you'd say
'T had been made by a tailor to lounge in Broadway.
His nature's a glass of champagne with the foam on't,
As tender as Fletcher, as witty as Beaumont;
So his best things are done in the flush of the moment,
If he wait, all is spoiled; he may stir it and shake it,
But, the fixed air once gone, he can never re-make it.

We conclude our notice of this very clever book with some passages having a wider application. The following is probably from the life, although the original is not named. It depicts, with great power, a character which, it seems, is as frequent in the New as in the Old World; and in both is by the vulgar mistaken for genius, of which it is in truth the very opposite.

A BOOK-WORM.

'T would be endless to tell you the things that he knew,
All separate facts, undeniably true,
But with him or each other they'd nothing to do;
No power of combining, arranging, discerning,
Digested the masses he learned into learning;
There was one thing in life he had practical knowledge for,
(And this you will think, he need scarce go to college for,)
Not a deed would he do, nor a word would he utter,
Till he'd weighed its relations to plain bread and butter.
When he left Alma Mater, he practised his wits
In compiling the journals' historical bits,—
Of shops broken open, men falling in fits,
Great fortunes in England bequeathed to poor printers,
And co'd spells, the coldest for many past winters,—
Then, rising by industry, knack, and address,
Got notices up for an unbiassed press,
With a mind so well poised, it seemed equally made for
Applause or abuse, just which chanced to be paid for;
From this point his progress was rapid and sure,
To the post of a regular heavy reviewer.

And here I must say, he wrote excellent articles
On the Hebraic points, or the force of Greek particles,
They filled up the space nothing else was prepared for,
And nobody read that which nobody cared for;
If any old book reached a fiftieth edition,
He could fill forty pages with safe erudition;
He could gauge the old books by the old set of rules,
And his very old notions pleased very old fools;
But give him a new book, fresh out of the heart,
And you put him at sea without compass or chart,—
His blunders aspired to the rank of an art;
For his lore was engraft, something foreign that grew in
him,

Exhausting the sap in the native and true in him,
So that when a man came with a soul that was new in him,
Carving new forms of truth out of Nature's old granite,
New and old at their birth, like Le Verrier's planet,
Which, to get a true judgment, themselves must create
In the soul of their critic the measure and weight,
Being rather themselves a fresh standard of grace,
To compute their own judge, and assign him his place,
Our reviewer would crawl all about it and round it,
And, reporting each circumstance just as he found it,
Without the least malice,—his record would be
Profoundly æsthetic as that of a flea,
Which, sapping on Wordsworth, should print for our sakes,
Recollections of nights with the Bard of the Lakes,
Or, borne by an Arab guide, ventured to render a
General view of the ruins at Denderah.

Here are some extremely valuable and timely

HINTS TO AMERICAN AUTHORS.

There are one or two things I should just like to hint,
For you don't often get the truth told you in print:
The most of you (this is what strikes all beholders)
Have a mental and physical stoop in the shoulders;
Though you ought to be free as the winds and the waves,
You've the gait and the manners of runaway slaves;
Tho' you brag of your New World, you don't half believe
in it.

And as much of the Old as is possible weave in it,
Your goddess of freedom, a tight, buxom girl,
With lips like a cherry and teeth like a pearl,
With eyes bold as Her's and hair floating free,
And full of the sun as the spray of the sea,
Who can sing at a husking or romp at a sheaving,
Who can trip through the forests alone without fearing,
Who can drive home the cows with a song through the grass,
Keeps glancing aside into Europe's cracked glass,
Hides her red hands in gloves, pinches up her lithe waist,
And makes herself wretched with transmarine taste;
She loses her fresh country charm when she takes
Any mirror except her own rivers and lakes.

You steal Englishmen's books, and think Englishmen's
thought,

With their salt on her tail the wild eagle is caught;
Your literature suits its each whisper and motion
To what will be thought of it over the ocean;
The cast clothes of Europe your statesmanship tries
And mumbles again the old blamey and lies;—
Forget Europe wholly, your veins throb with blood
To which the dull current in hers is but mud;
Let her sneer, let her say your experiment fails,
In her voice there's a tremble e'en now while she rails,
And your shore will soon be in the nature of things
Covered thick with gilt driftwood of runaway kings.

Be strong-backed, brown-handed, upright as your pines,
By the scale of a hemisphere shape your designs,
Be true to yourselves and this new nineteenth age,
As a statue by Powers or a picture by Page,
Plough, dig, sail, forge, build, carve, paint, make all things
new.

To your own New-World instincts contrive to be true,
Keep your ears open wide to the Future's first call,
Be whatever you will, but yourselves first of all,
Stand fronting the dawn on Toll's heaven-scaling peaks,
And become my new race of more practical Greeks.—
Hem! your likeness at present I shudder to tell o't
Is that you have your slaves, and the Greek has his helot.

May his countrymen profit by the lesson thus wittily
taught. The teacher's name is not revealed, but he is
at once a wit, a poet, and a wise man.

*The Works of Frederick Schiller. Early Dramas and
Romance.* Translated from the German chiefly by
HENRY G. BOHN. London: BOHN. 1849.

THIS is the fourth of the series of SCHILLER's works,
which Mr. BOHN has not only undertaken to give to
the English reader in the wonderfully cheap form of his
Standard Library, but of the greater portion of it he
is himself the translator, having stolen from the labori-
ous occupations of a publisher so enterprising as he,
the hours requisite for so careful and correct a transla-
tion as that before us, and which will entitle Mr. BOHN
to take his place among the famous men in the annals of
literature who were at once authors and booksellers, and
in that double character conferred honour on both, by
proving that an author can also be a man of business,
of prudence and common sense and industry, and that
a tradesman may be a scholar and a gentleman. Mr.
BOHN is an instance of both.

This delightful volume contains "The Robbers,"
"Fiesco," "Love and Intrigue," "Demetrius," "the
Ghost Seer," and "the Spirit of Destiny." *The Robbers*
was SCHILLER's most famous and one of his earliest
productions, and it speedily obtained an European cele-
brity. BULWER says of it, that it is "a strange, rugged
fiery melodrame, which seemed destined to announce
and to animate the revolution of a world;" and CARLYLE
describes it as "a tragedy that will long find readers to
astonish and, with all its faults, to move. It stands in
our imagination, like some ancient rugged pile of
barbarous age; irregular, fantastic, useless; but grand

in its height and massiveness, and black, frowning
strength. It will long remain a singular monument of
the early genius and early fortune of its author." It
has been frequently translated, but never, we think, so
satisfactorily as now. Former translators have endeav-
oured to render German ideas into English ideas, which
is a mistaken view of the business of translation, which
is to convey the idea of the original author in the expres-
sions of the language into which he is rendered. Mr.
BOHN appears to have understood this duty, and his
translation is consequently more truly SCHILLER-like,
and has more of the soul, spirit, and meaning of the
original, than any we have read. Moreover, Mr. BOHN
is evidently an accomplished German scholar, and that
enables him to catch the delicate meanings of words,
and to give them their equivalents in English, as nearly
as possible, and not merely their similitudes, hence, as
he truly remarks in his preface, we have for the first
time in English, "*The Robbers*," as SCHILLER wrote it,
with all its faults and beauties.

Love and Intrigue is one of SCHILLER's early plays,
a tragedy of common life, of absorbing interest, and
powerfully written in prose. The translation is singu-
larly spirited, and in very pure English.

The Ghost Seer is probably well known to most of our
readers, as it has appeared in many of the cheap col-
lections of novels, but always with an addition in the
shape of a sequel, which some German booksellers' fancies
had invented. SCHILLER having left it incomplete,
Mr. BOHN has presented to us here as the author left it,
and it is all the better for wanting the contrast between
his richness of imagination and the poverty of his
followers.

Such a work as this cannot be exhibited by extracts,
as fragments from a play would convey but an imper-
fect conception of its merit, and more especially is this
the case with SCHILLER, whose dramas are more admi-
rable as wholes, than from the beauty of isolated
passages. When the series is complete, of which this
volume is the fourth, Mr. BOHN will have entitled him-
self to the gratitude of his country for having contributed
to her literature such a translation of the works of
Germany's most popular poet and dramatist, at a price
that will permit every household to place it upon the
bookshelf.

RELIGION.

The Rock of Rome, or the Arch Heresy. By
JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. Author of
"Virginus," &c. London: Newby. 1849.

THE dramatist turned theologian. Strange
mutation! equalled only by some of his own
surprises in his own dramas.

But we cannot say that he appears with
equal advantage in the pulpit as upon the
stage. He is evidently not at home there,
although he makes great efforts to look at
ease. The weapons of controversial warfare
are not familiar to his hands; he wields them
clumsily, and not unfrequently hits hard his
own friends while aiming at his opponent. The
object of his assault is the Rock of Rome, to
which Mr. KNOWLES advances with a sort of
confident belief that by his single arm it may
be thrown down, and with the most entire un-
consciousness that the battering-ram, which he
imagines to be his own invention, has been
employed a thousand times before, and yet
there stands the monster edifice, unshattered
and seemingly unshaken; for we must be care-
ful not to mistake the mutations in the tempo-
ral power of popes, for overthrowings of the
might of the Roman Catholic Church. This is
singularly shown in the drama passing before the
eyes of Europe at this moment, wherein we see
the Pope expelled from his dominions by the
subjects over whom he holds temporal sway, and
the rest of Catholic Europe, who acknowledge
his spiritual dominion, combining to force him
back again upon his rebellious people, and this
very people celebrating in his absence the rites

of the church, in *his name*, with even more than
their former magnificence and solemnity.

Mr. KNOWLES supposes he has made two
grand discoveries, which of themselves should
annihilate Roman Catholicism, to wit, that the
title of "*Pope*" or "*Father*," which is its literal
meaning, is an impious usurpation, because
Christ has commanded that "Neither call any
man your father upon earth, for one is your
father, which is in heaven." But Mr.
KNOWLES forgets, with the usual one-eyed
semi-blindness of controversialists, that if
this argument be good for anything, it goes to
the annihilation of the titles of our Anglican
hierarchy, who are also styled "*Fathers*." We
cannot discover anything in the following objec-
tion which might not equally apply at home.

"Supposing," he says, "Peter to have been what the
Roman church asserts, will any man be so mad as to
argue that he would have presumed to take such a
title—or that any of his brethren would have dared to
bestow such a title upon him, in defiance of a pro-
hibition so unqualified, explicit, and direct? The head
of the Roman church, sitting where he does in alleged
right of succession to Peter, perpetrates an act of he-
resy which the apostle himself would sooner have laid
down his life than have committed! Is not, then, the
head of the Roman communion antichrist? Does not
the whole church over which he presides participate in
his sin?"

His other grand discovery is, that St. PETER
was not the chief of the Apostles, and conse-
quently could not have transmitted the
chieftainship to any church, bishop, or pope;
consequently the pretensions of the Bishop of
Rome, as the representative of St. PETER, are
not founded on a good title, and therefore they
are void, and the whole superstructure that has
been founded thereon is an imposture, which
needs only this exposure to be swept away like
all other shams.

But Mr. KNOWLES has lived or read to very
little purpose if he has not learned that even
impostures are not always repudiated by proof
that they are such. Where prejudice and inter-
est are combined in support of anything, persua-
sion and argument may be addressed to it
in vain. Men will not be convinced when
conviction is inconvenient or unprofitable.
Nay, error is not unfrequently loved for its
own sake, just as a parent hugs most fondly his
deformed and sickly child, especially if that
error appeals to the imagination. But on this
point we prefer to let Mr. KNOWLES speak for
himself, and leave our readers to form their
own judgment of his arguments.

SAINT PETER.

"Peter was zealous, but vain; sincere, but a re-
spector of persons; forward, but deficient in moral
courage—except where there existed a necessity of
braving danger. He was a man of superior natural
capacity. He was affectionate, but ambitious."

We enter not into the writer's arguments that Paul
was equal to Peter, and the latter never was at Rome,
his mission being directed to his countrymen, the
Hebrews, and not to the Gentiles. If he does not rob
Peter to pay Paul, so neither does he rob Paul to pay
Peter; but declares—

"The further I prosecute this subject, the more am
I convinced that what 'the church' advances, respect-
ing the transactions and death of Peter, in the city of
Rome, amounts to nothing more than a mere romance,
but a romance with a pernicious moral. The nature of
that moral I infer from its effects—the lusts which it
has subserved to excite and pamper; lusts ranging from
the least venial, gain and undue authority, to the most
revolting that have ever disgraced and corrupted man-
kind. I appeal, in support of what I assert, to the
avowed discipline, and to the notorious history of 'the
church.' The dogma of a presiding church was the
first heresy. This dogma Ignatius supports. Ignatius
was a disciple of some one of the apostles; Ignatius

was a martyr; but what of that? Peter was one of the apostles. Peter was a martyr also. Yet Peter erred. 'Erred,' do I say? Sinned is the fitter word! Contagious dissimulation was, in his case, especially a sin; and not a slight one. If it was possible for an apostle to sin, much more was it possible that a disciple of one of the apostles might sin. A presiding priest was the next stone in the building of 'the church,' and that stone was subsequently laid. There wanted, however, an authority. Paul might have served, and Paul was at hand; but there existed no ground from which might be deduced the specious plea, that he was invested with any jurisdiction over his brethren. No more was Peter, in point of fact. Compared to Paul, he plays but a secondary part in the history of the primitive church, of which history Paul is, beyond all question, the paramount human theme—the glorious unparalleled hero! But might not Peter be turned to account by searching the evangelists? The evangelists were resorted to. Rome lights upon the eighteenth of Matthew! Thence the hint was taken, that by a carnal interpretation of the sixteenth verse, the heretical dogma of a presiding priest—of a universal bishop—might be successfully promulgated. Further inquiry flushes incipient success! Peter's investment with 'the keys'—with the power to bind and loose—no matter though the rest of the apostles are subsequently endowed with the same identical power; our Lord's exclusive prayer for Peter, that he may be delivered from Satan; the precedence given to his name in the enumeration of the brotherhood; together with the momentous facts of the Saviour's preaching from Peter's ship, and paying the same tribute for himself and Peter; all these things, carnally interpreted also, would conspire to warrant the erection of the arch here, and to insure its recognition as a scriptural truth. But Peter must be brought to Rome!—*Must!* True, there exists no scriptural evidence of his having ever been there. The Acts make no mention of such an occurrence, but inferentially, at least, deny its having taken place. The same is the predicament of Rome, with regard to the Epistles. Never mind! Shut the Epistles and the Acts. Rome cannot do without Peter, and to Rome must Peter be brought. Whosoever originates the feat, Papias records its perpetration—records it approvingly—Papias, whom, as it appears, Eusebius characterizes as one of a very weak and undiscerning judgment, who derived many things, strange and unheard of from mere tradition! Irenæus, one hundred and forty years after Peter's alleged first arrival in Rome, repeats the tale of Papias; and thus may the overpowering concurrent testimony of the numerous 'fathers,' as they are called, be reduced in weight to that of a single man, and he upon the authority of Eusebius, a very insignificant one.

Probably our readers will consider that we have said enough upon this work, which we should not have noticed at all but for the previous reputation of the author; therefore we bid adieu to Mr. KNOWLES, hoping to greet him on the next occasion upon some more congenial topic.

A Letter to the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury on the actual relations between Church and State. By the Hon. RICHARD CAVENDISH. London: Ollivier.

THE argument of this pamphlet was suggested by Mr. BAPTIST NOEL's Essay on the same theme. The writer assents to many of the remarks of his predecessor, admitting that there is much and bitter truth in them. He protests with equal vehemence against the mode of appointing bishops, and the system of church patronage. But he differs from Mr. NOEL in the manner of meeting the evils of which they mutually complain. Mr. NOEL quits a church whose constitution he believes to be wrong. Mr. CAVENDISH, more sensibly, would exert himself to remove that which he objects to. It is his opinion that the only means of securing the reforms required will be by reviving the Convocation, purged of course from its ancient abuses. This, he considers, would restore vitality to the church, and, by settling doubtful questions, bring back the harmony that has departed. Our fears, however, would be that any such congregation would serve only to foster and embitter dissensions. The existing feuds, which are so lamenta-

ble, would be made more manifest, and instead of a reconciliation there would be a fiercer internecine war than even before. However, Mr. CAVENDISH puts his proposition calmly, argumentatively, and powerfully, and it deserves to be read and reflected upon by all the true friends of the church, who desire, with us, to see her restored to peace and unity.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Introduction to the Study of the Social Sciences. By the Author of "Outlines of Social Economy." London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1849.

IN our boyhood it never entered into the imagination of tutor or schoolmaster to teach his pupils the social sciences. Even physical science was little cared for; moral science was limited to PALEY; political science was eschewed as dangerous; and the science of society was scarcely admitted to a place in the catalogue of knowledge. It is different now-a-days. The mighty developments of society, the unknown future that lies before it, the hopes and the fears with which its upheavings are contemplated, have led the more thoughtful to study its economy and trace the laws by which it is regulated. These are found to be so useful in the business of life, and so necessary a part of knowledge, than an attempt is now being made to introduce it as a branch of education, and the author of the little volume before us has successfully devoted his care to the production of a treatise in which this important science is conveyed in a shape and in language intelligible to young persons. The task was a difficult one, but it has been performed with singular ability; this *Introduction to the Study of the Social Sciences* is the very model of an educational book, describing abstruse topics so familiarly, and by illustrations so apt, that even a dunce may understand it and the dullest enjoy it. We are sure that, thus taught, so far from an aversion to it, the pupils at the school or in the family will become deeply interested in it, and that the hour devoted to the learning of the social sciences by means of these pages will be one of the most agreeable of the daily tasks.

Ince's Outlines of English History.—*Ince's Outlines of French History.*—*Ince's Outlines of General Knowledge.* London: Gilbert.

WE cannot approve these *Outlines*. They are not written in an attractive form. In the first place, they are too much like a catalogue or a chronology; in the second place, no care is taken in the choice of language intelligible to children. Mr. INCE writes as if he were addressing grown persons. Now the art of teaching children is to convey your ideas in their words, and to impress their imaginations by painting to them. The excessive interest which a child feels in a story, the breathless attention with which he will listen to it, indicates to the teacher the natural, and therefore the proper method, of teaching him. You must convey to his mind distinct images of persons and dramatize them by action and dialogue. Hence a child will learn more from a page of FROISSART than from a whole volume such as that of Mr. INCE, who neither paints nor dramatizes, but only catalogues.

English Grammar simplified. By HARRIET SMITH. Houlston and Stoneman.

THIS is really what a child's book ought to be: it does simplify the subject it professes to teach. We have never seen grammar so intelligibly taught before. Used, as the authoress uses it, not as a lesson-book to be learned by heart, but to aid the teacher in oral instruction, it is better calculated to convey the difficulties of grammar to a child than anything that has been submitted to our notice since we began to record the progress of educational literature six years since.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Grange Magazine. Vol. 1. Edinburgh.

THERE are some remarkable features in this magazine. Not only is it the production of the pupils of a school, but it has been so much approved that it has passed into a second edition, a circumstance almost without precedent in periodical literature. And its merits are very considerable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Puttick and Simpson's Catalogues of Autograph Letters of Eminent Persons, for sale by auction.

Few readers are aware of the interest, and not unfrequently the value, that belongs to many of the auctioneers' catalogues of books, curiosities, antiquities, and such like. Not a few of them abound in curious learning, and some of the auctioneers are remarkable for their intelligence and intimate acquaintance with the subjects to which their sales relate, and they prepare their catalogues with a literary and artistic skill which makes them in themselves contributions to the library.

One of these learned and literary auctioneers is Mr. PUTTICK, of the firm of PUTTICK and SIMPSON, who are establishing so wide a reputation as auctioneers of literary property. A catalogue of a recent sale of autographs is now before us, and it is a curiosity. The collection includes those of celebrated persons of all countries and times. A few of them will serve to show the nature of its contents. Passages from the letters are given in the catalogue. Thus we find, in a letter of WILLIAM THE FOURTH, to Sir HENRY HALFORD, under date, April 23rd, 1811,

"As to George III. illness. 'The King worried himself when he first got up with hunting for a little gold pencil, which, under the seal of secrecy, I own to you my mother tells me was given to him by the object of the delusion—but pray do not know it:' and more on the same subject."

Here is one from GEORGE the Third to GEN. GREVILLE, dated December, 1789, and we are informed that the letters of this King are very scarce.

"This letter is so characteristic of the Monarch, that we cannot forbear to quote it entire. 'M. Gen. Grenville, it is much better to prevent evil than to correct it when it has occurred. On this principle I authorize you to acquaint M. Gen. O'Hara, that should my son, Prince Edward, be so ill advised as ever to want to absent himself from Gibraltar, where I have sent him to learn the grounds of the Military profession, the General is to look upon himself as permitted to signify his having my instructions to prevent such intentions being effected. Geo. R.'"

Of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON we have the following interesting reminiscence, under date of March 29, 1766. It is a part of a paper entitled *Sacramental Meditations at Easter*.

"He says 'Since the last reception of the Sacrament, I hope I have no otherwise grown worse, than as continuance in sin makes the sinner's condition more dangerous. My resolutions are, to conquer scruples—to read the bible this year—to try to rise more early—to study Divinity—to live methodically—to frequent divine worship.' He concludes with a prayer for divine grace and assistance."

Here is a letter by NELSON to Earl SPENCER, dated "Month of the Nile, August, 9, 1798.

"Were I to die this moment, want of frigates would be found stamped upon my heart."

If the King of Naples had joined us, nothing at this moment could prevent the destruction of the store ships and all the transports in the port of Alexandria, four bomb vessels would burn the whole in a few hours.

I send you a packet of intercepted letters, some of them of great importance; in particular one from Bonaparte to his brother. He writes such a scrawl no one not used to it can read. Bonaparte has differed with his generals here, and he did want, and, if I understand his meaning, does want, and will try to be the Washington of France. We have just taken *La Fortune*, French Corvette of 18 guns. Etc."

And, to conclude, rarest and most valuable of all, we find the following "lot," under the name of JOHN MILTON, poet.

"Rosse's Mel Heliconium, or Poetical Honey gathered out of the weeds of Parnassus, sm. 8vo. 1646. On the reverse of a preliminary leaf there is, in the autograph of John Milton, the following inscription:—

'On Mel Heliconium written by Mr. Rosse, Chaplain to his Mtie.

'Those shapes of old, transfigured by ye charmes
Of wanton Ovid, wak'nd with th' alarms
Of powerful Rosse, gaine nobler formes, and try
The force of a diviner Alchimy.

See the quaint Chymist with ingenious powre
From Calceyn'd herbes extracts a glorious flowre;
See bees to freight their thimby cells produce
From poisonous weedes a sweet and wholesome Juice.
J. M.

"And at the bottom of page 5, are two lines in the same hand.—The Autograph of Milton is of the highest degree of rarity. The only specimen in the British Museum consists of a few words in a copy of 'Lyoidas.' The present is in perfect preservation."

The London Catalogue of Books, from 1846 to 1849.
Hodgson.

It is extremely useful to the book-club and the librarian as supplying to him a complete list of all the new books and new editions published during the last year, alphabetically arranged, and with their sizes, prices, and publishers. It is a continuation of Mr. Hodgson's "Bibliotheca Londinensis." Besides the alphabetical, there is a classified, list, very laboriously and correctly framed.

THE SMALL FRY OF LITERATURE.

Among the minor publications that have come to hand during the past fortnight are the following:—*Facts on the Fraudulent Supply of Coals to Families*, with suggestions for a remedy. According to the author we are all terribly cheated in weight, because we do not take the trouble to look closely after it. The remedy which he suggests is, to deal only with merchants of known and established respectability, and always to order the best quality and make regular payments. It then becomes their interest to serve us well and faithfully, at the fair market prices. Above all, to avoid dealing with agents, whose profits are wholly made by cheating. For our own part we shall take the excellent advice here given.—*A Short Catechism of Mesmerism* gives, in the form of question and answer, the principal facts connected with the science. It is published by Mr. BAILLIÈRE, in a cheap form for general circulation.—One Mr. ROBERT STUART MACGREGOR has published a *Plan for raising a Defensive Force*, which he proposes to be in the nature of a militia, raised by able-bodied men, supplied by the different parish unions out of those who cannot get work—in fact, an army of paupers. We doubt both its propriety and its practicability; but the scheme is ingenious.—*A Letter of Rebuke and Admonition, addressed to Dr. Campbell*, editor of the "British Banner," by JUNIUS SECUNDUS, rebuking him severely for his attacks on the distributors and receivers of the *Regium Donum*, and the Methodists and other Dissenters, has passed into a second edition. The work undertaken has been very vigorously performed.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Zoist; a Journal of Cerebral Physiology and Mesmerism, and their applications to Human Welfare. No. 23, for April. London: Baillière.

This part commences the seventh volume of *The Zoist*, and the editor, Dr. ELLIOTSON, has seized the opportunity to review the progress of his science since the date of the first number, in April, 1843. It is altogether most gratifying. Not only has discovery made the most rapid advances, but, in spite of the most virulent opposition, both in the press and among the medical profession, it has to boast a steadily increasing array of converts. It is, indeed, most strange that there should be found any persons who would actively oppose the investigation of a subject which, if true, they must admit to be of incalculable importance to the welfare of humanity. The natural impulse in such case would be to aid research and encourage experiments, in the hope that something would come of it. What, then, is the meaning of the hostility with which mesmerism and its believers have been met by those who, because

they have not examined it personally and practically, are not convinced of its truth? But, perhaps, during the heat of controversy, pride prevents men who have once appeared as opponents from admitting a change of opinion, even if it has taken place. It is when the fury of the battle has ceased, and the din has died away, and there is a seeming calm, and the subject appears to sleep, that progress is most real, and many who were before convinced come to avow their conviction, and supporters are found where before there were only opponents. So it has been with mesmerism. During the last two years it has come but rarely before the public, and it would appear to the mere newspaper reader to be forgotten. But, in fact, it has been making more sure, if silent, progress than during the period when it was fought in every journal, and talked of in every company, and we believe that it would advance much more rapidly if its advocates in *The Zoist* would be less personal in their attacks, and less virulent in their tone. Men may be persuaded, but they will never be abused, into belief.

The other contents of this number are various and interesting. Mr. PARSONS concludes the narrative of his curious case of the cure of cataleptic insanity, and many of the most extraordinary cases of operations performed by Dr. ESDAILE, in the Mesmeric Hospital at Calcutta are reported, the total number to the date of the report being 180, most of them capital operations, performed without pain. There is an interesting letter of Dr. GALL, which has been transmitted from one of his disciples in Bavaria. Mr. CHANDLER, Surgeon, has communicated a case of chronic vomiting cured by mesmerism, and a lady, for whom Dr. ELLIOTSON vouches, minutely describes a cure of blindness, of twenty-six years' duration, by means of the same process. The Rev. G. SANDBY narrates a cure of intense toothache in a farmer in his neighbourhood, and Dr. STORER a cure of a severe case of epilepsy. We present to our readers a portion of one of the papers, a remarkable case of clairvoyance, communicated by Mr. BARTH:—

7, Eversholt Street, Camden Town, March 15th.

Dear Dr. Elliotson,—In reply to your question respecting the narrative of a stolen brooch being recovered entirely and solely through Ellen Dawson's clairvoyant perception, which appeared in the February number of *La Belle Assemblée*, I assure you the statement is strictly the truth. The circumstance is so strong an evidence of the existence of the faculty of such marvellous perception, that it has caused many thinking minds to inquire, and many doubting minds to believe. Mrs. M—, the lady who consulted Ellen in the case, informs me that she has been obliged to tell the story over and over again, eight or nine times in an evening, when at parties; and at last consented to furnish the particulars for publication in *La Belle Assemblée*, at the earnest request of Mr. Crossland, husband of the editress, who is an old friend of Mrs. M—'s. As *The Zoist* is the only periodical record which we have of mesmeric facts and phenomena, and is read by many who never see *La Belle Assemblée*, the narrative is at the disposal of the editors, if you think its insertion may interest its readers, or assist to silence or convince those scoffers at mesmeric phenomena, who will not take the trouble to investigate in a truth-seeking spirit, but find it more easy to denounce as imposture and collusion, than to believe in the existence of facts which their self-conceit or peculiar cerebral organizations cannot be brought to comprehend. I send you the number of *La Belle Assemblée* containing the lady's own narrative; also, her permission for its insertion in *The Zoist*. Mrs. M— further authorizes me to say, that she is quite willing to confirm, by her personal assertion, the truth of the statement to any respectable inquirer, who may apply to me in the first instance, if I deem them per-

sons worthy of an interview. Mrs. M— does not court notoriety, and therefore withholds giving her name publicly; but she is now so well convinced of the real existence of true clairvoyant perception, that she considers it a duty to confirm the truth of her narrative to such inquirers as I may think proper to refer to her.

I missed a valuable brooch, a topaz centre set with brilliants, the beginning of last November, 1848. All I could recollect about it was, that I had it in my possession the middle of August; therefore, how or when it disappeared I had not the least idea; but having always kept it locked up very carefully, I was obliged to come to the conclusion that it certainly was taken out of the place it had been in. Having unfortunately changed servants very often, I had some difficulty in recollecting who was in the house when last I saw it, and found that two of my domestics had left since then. In my first moment of astonishment at the idea of my brooch having been stolen, I really did not know whom to suspect, and I was for some days sorely perplexed as to what means to make use of to recover an ornament, not only valuable in itself, but more especially so, as it formerly belonged to my beloved mother and was an old family relic. I spent days thinking what steps I should take to recover my lost treasure, being resolved to do everything in my power for the accomplishment of my object. At last, the thought of trying mesmeric clairvoyance came into my mind. I had heard from a friend, much interested in mesmerism, wonderful accounts of persons in this state; and thought, perhaps I might obtain a hint as to how, and in what manner, my brooch had disappeared. For this purpose I called upon Mr. Barth (mesmerist), of Eversholt Street, Oakley-square, a perfect stranger to me, never having seen him before. He most kindly offered to procure an interview for me with Ellen Dawson, a patient of Mr. J. Hands, of Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, whom he described as a brilliant clairvoyante; at the same time most fairly hinting that it was possible I might not obtain the information I wanted, as the state of clairvoyance in the best clairvoyantes was not always equally lucid; and that I must take the chance of the uncertainty. Notwithstanding, however, all his hints and cautions as to a possible failure, I resolved to try the experiment; and Mr. Barth most kindly consented, at my request, to accompany me. I must here say, that he would not allow me to tell him what I had lost, wishing to test the mesmeric power in discovering the article. An interview was accordingly arranged for Saturday, Nov. 11, at Mr. Hands, who mesmerises Ellen Dawson; and the result far, very far indeed surpassed my expectations. Mr. Hands merely seemed to look at her, when her eyes closed and he said she was in a deep sleep, and after indulging in about ten minutes' repose would get into the sleep-waking state. This she did, and then came forward and spoke to Mr. Barth, appearing very lively and pleasant.

Mr. B. introduced us (a lady and myself) as his friends, and stated she had so wonderfully gratified some lady he named who had seen her recently, that we were quite anxious to be introduced to her. He paid her many compliments on her powers of travelling and seeing mesmerically; at which she seemed pleased and smiled, as a person would do if awake. Mr. B. informed us that many persons fail in obtaining satisfactory replies from clairvoyantes in consequence of their own rude and intolerant behaviour to them. He inquired if she would like to travel with us and talk to us; she replied in the affirmative. He asked her if she could tell what I came to see her about: in a few minutes she answered, "about a loss—about something she has lost." She then knelt down by my side, when I took hold of her hands and commenced telling my grievance to her. I began by saying she was right,—I had lost something of great value that I wanted her to tell me about. She first said money, to which I replied "No." Then she said property, to which I assented. Mr. Barth then proposed that she should go (ideally of course) to my house, to the place from where the missing article was taken, and thus discover what I had lost, and how it had disappeared. I told her then where my residence was; she said she did not know the place, but we told her what route to take, and she soon reached the house—described the exterior, so that I knew she was right, and then went into my bed-room, where she gave a very minute account of the furniture. I then directed her attention to the place from where the article had been taken, and she soon found out what I had lost. She first said jewellery; and when I asked her what kind, she answered, a brooch. I inquired then what it was like; to which she gave a wonderfully accurate answer: she said it looked like amber surrounded with white. She then said it was some little time since I had lost it, that it was very old, and had

been a long time in the family. She then told me I had been out of town, which I was during the month of September. Finding her account and description so very correct in every particular, she was now told to keep her eye upon the brooch and see what became of it. She then described, in words not to be mistaken, the person who had taken it out of its accustomed place: in fact, no artist could have painted a more perfect resemblance; and it was a servant whom I never suspected. She had left my service about a month before I discovered my loss. However, Ellen was very positive in her description of the person who took it, and said the brooch was sold for a very small sum of money, nothing at all like its value. She then said she saw a shop window, that the brooch was in a queer place like a cellar with lots of other property—silver spoons and other things; but a cloud came and she could see no more. I must not omit one very remarkable circumstance in her account; she said the person who took it had the case in which it was kept with diamonds in it, at home in her clothes trunk. At first, I could not think what this was, but soon remembered that there were two diamond chains fastened to a small diamond ring, separate from the brooch, but for the purpose of attaching to it, and wearing as a locket. Having thus obtained all the information she could give me upon the subject, I inquired what I was to do to recover it, and she then gave me most distinct instructions as to what course I was to take, saying that she thought, by following her directions, I should recover it.

I have now only to say that her prophetic vision was as correct as her account of the past had been, and that shortly after I took the steps she recommended, my brooch was in my possession. It was returned to me on Thursday, Nov. 16th. She was perfectly correct as to who had taken it; and my astonishment may, perhaps, be conceived, when first the case was brought to me with the diamond chains and ring exactly as she had said, and then a duplicate or pawnbroker's ticket for the brooch, which, instead of having been sold, was pawned for a mere trifle.

I cannot describe the happiness I felt in recovering an ornament, so precious to me from its associations, and how deeply indebted I am to mesmerism for its restoration. I feel no hesitation in saying that, were it not for this means, I never should have succeeded in obtaining it; for, after the first moment of astonishment had passed, my suspicions rested rather strongly upon quite a different individual from the one described by Ellen Dawson; so much so that, not having got my brooch so immediately as I expected after following her directions, I was really disposed to think she had made a mistake, and that I was right in my own suspicions; in fact, I was on the point of accusing an innocent person, when my brooch was brought back to me. Had I waited only a few—very few hours, I should not have come to this hasty conclusion. Thus, I could not help feeling truly grateful that I was prevented wounding the feelings of an innocent person by a false accusation. This circumstance also, of my own suspicions resting altogether in another quarter from the one named by the clairvoyante, will, I think, prove an unanswerable argument to those sceptical minds that may be disposed to think *hints* were given, and thus the missing article was found. It is a remarkable circumstance also, that I was a perfect stranger to all parties concerned, never having seen Mr. Barth until I called upon him in consequence of this affair, and never having seen Mr. Hands until the moment he put Ellen Dawson to sleep, after which he left myself and friend alone with Mr. Barth and the clairvoyante—Ellen Dawson, whom I never saw or heard of until this interview was appointed for me, and her name suggested as a person likely to do what I wished in recovering the lost article.

NOTE.—The means adopted by our correspondent for the recovery of her brooch, after her interview with the clairvoyante, were, having an interview with the real culprit, threatening her with the severest temporal punishment, and pointing out the enormity of the crime and certainty of Almighty vengeance if she did not produce and restore to its owner the stolen treasure. At first these threats and expostulations had no other effect than eliciting tears and protestations of innocence; but a second and still more solemn interview so wrought upon the mind of the culprit, that she repented of her fault and made restitution of the property.—*Belle Assemblée*, Vol. XXII., No. II., pp. 108-9.

ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE SCOTTISH ARTISTS.—A very untoward mishap will deprive the Edinburgh artists of the opportunity of exhibiting their pictures at the forthcoming exhibition of the Royal

Academy of Arts, London. The steamer, on board which many cases of their productions were embarked, could not land them in London until Wednesday morning, and Tuesday night was the latest period appointed by the Royal Academicians for the reception of all works intended for exhibition. Application for indulgence, under the peculiar circumstance, was made to Mr. Knight, R.A., secretary, and that gentleman submitted the question to the Council, who, however, declared the regulation to be imperative. High expectations were excited in respect to Mr. Hervey's and a few other performances, but they must be re-shipped for another year.—*Observer*.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

SUFFOLK STREET.

THE twenty-fifth exhibition of this society, if not indicating much progress, is undoubtedly not inferior to that of any former year, and it claims at least the merit of having fewer bad pictures, and consequently a higher average of merit, than ever before. As usual, landscape is the glory of the gallery; but landscape is also the glory of British art, and therefore to look upon it with less favour because it is an exhibition of landscapes is an affectation unworthy of an English critic. It is better to be a great landscape painter than a third-rate aspirant after what is called "high art," and which is usually the lowest in our schools, howsoever it may be in Germany, and we have very considerable doubts as to the validity of the claims even of the latter school to the mastery of the classical, which it makes such convulsive efforts to attain.

We note also in the Suffolk Street gallery the "old familiar" hands on every side. ALLEN, with his broad champagnes, not imagined, but transferred from nature, that make us breathe freer as we gaze upon them. PYNE with his *Turneresque* atmospheres, rich hues, and melting outlines. BODDINGTON, with his snatches of greenery, stolen from woods and streams, such as are to be found only in "Merry England." HURLSTONE, with his characteristic groups of happiness in low life. CLINT, with his flat sea-shores, reflecting a thousand tints from the sky, and stretching out into the distance until the eye aches to follow it. HERRING, with his living and speaking horses. TENNANT, so bright and rich in his colours, and so happy in his choice of the most picturesque spots, for his pencil to steal away for our gratification. WOOLMER, not quite so extravagant as formerly in his hues, and, therefore, affording a fairer opportunity for judging his other merits. SHAYER, with some marine views, of which he has a right to be proud, for they show progress as well as excellence. From this general survey let us turn to a more minute inspection of individual pictures, and we shall do here, as we have done with other galleries, and as it is our purpose to do with all, wander about, and notice such as take our fancy, and continue our visits from week to week, without making an endeavour to notice a whole gallery in a single number of THE CRITIC; for, still maintaining our opinion, unpopular as it may be, that the moderns surpass the ancients, and that the English school is the foremost of the modern schools, we delight to confirm and illustrate this heretical doctrine by reference to what modern art, and especially contemporary British art, is actually performing.

The first picture that attracts us, and we certainly consider it to be the best in the gallery, is No. 185, an *Ancient Round Tower in Ireland*, by ANTHONY. The old tower stands out against a stormy sky, lighted up by the level rays of the departing sun—palpably real. The churchyard, with its grey tombstones, lies likewise one side in deep shadow, the other thrown out by the light, and a human interest is given to the striking scene by a widow decorating a grave. It is as effective a picture as ever we beheld, and the colouring is wonderful. Next to that in striking merit is, perhaps, Mrs. CAROLINE SMITH'S *Irish Courtship* (No. 104). It is a very transcript from the life. The broad careless laugh of the suitor, and his merry eye, are so irresistibly humorous, that the gravest cannot look at him without falling into a sympathetic laugh.

We are next attracted by ALLEN's great picture of the year, perhaps the noblest landscape in the gallery, and his own masterpiece, "*The Borrowdale Pass, Cumberland*" (No. 207). It is a wonderful range of country, admirably coloured, with less mannerism than usual, and we should need no better proof than this

fine picture, of our unfashionable notion of the superiority of modern art. We never saw a landscape by an old master, CLAUDE excepted, to compare with this. The same artist has many other lesser works, all of them full of genius.

PYNE now attracts us. His style is that of Turner, not very unlike and not very inferior to Turner, in his better days, before, by copying himself, instead of going back to refresh his mind by the study of nature, he came to caricature nature. As usual, he fills a prominent place in the gallery. His *Old Paper Mill, Berkshire* (35), is a delicious bit of colouring, so blended and harmonious, and you see an atmosphere as it is hazy with heat on a summer's day, and dancing over the surface of the water. Of a bolder character is the *Italian Pass* (91), and perhaps it is the most finished of his contributions to this year's exhibition. *Oberwesel on the Rhine* (233), is a choice work, and he has caught the peculiar tone of Rhine scenery which we do not remember to have seen done by any other artist.

No. 13 is one of ZEITLER's characteristic sketches, *Swabian Peasants returning from Market*. The group are glowing with health and cheerfulness, despite their rags.

Few will pass without pausing for a minute or two to inspect a sweet landscape by Mr. WEST, *A Mill, North Wales* (No. 16). It is in the best manner of the English school, simple and truthful, coloured freely, but not extravagantly, with no affected fear of being too green. The water is very real.

TENNANT'S *Dead Calm after a Storm* (No. 26) is a remarkable work. It is a bold attempt to produce by colour the effects visible in a hot still day by the sea-side. The water is as blue as the sky, and the sands reflect the glow of the rocks.

PYNE'S *Wreck Ashore* (No. 47), is one of his best compositions. Through the atmosphere, across over the long flat beach, we see the waggon moving like a ghost, and the wreck looks almost unsubstantial, and therefore poetical, in the distance.

Under the modest title of a *Study from Life* (No. 50), Mr. W. H. FUGE, a name new to us, has contributed a portrait of an old man, of extraordinary beauty as a work of art, reminding us more of Landseer's famous portrait of his father than anything we have seen. The artist who could paint this has unquestionable genius, and will achieve greatness; that is, if his industry be equal to his ability.

J. NOBLE has illustrated this passage in Pepys's Diary, "My wife this day puts on first her French gown, called a Sac, which becomes her very well." The secretary sits very complacently, looking at his pretty wife, who is proudly surveying her own figure in its new adornment. They are evidently now on the best terms, forgetful of their mutual jealousies. The expression of the faces is admirable.

The next that stays us as we pass along is one of C. WILLIAMS'S *River Scenes, Moonlight* (No. 62), whose excellence consists in its truth to nature; it is real moonlight, which we have not seen in a picture half-a-dozen times in our whole life; it is always too green, or too yellow. Here it is a tint between the two, and the very tint.

HURLSTONE has some first-rate portraits in the gallery, and it is manifest now that portrait-painting is his forte. They look like likenesses, for they express character as well as form.

No. 65, a portrait, of H. DE BURGH, Esq., is admirably composed: a picture in itself,—so happy and constrained the pose. No. 147, and 302, of the same class, are equally clever; and No. 68, the *Viscountess Castlereagh*, proves him as happy in his portraits of ladies as of gentlemen.

BODDINGTON is the CRESWICK of Suffolk Street. His landscapes also are thoroughly English. There is Roslyn Castle (No. 81), with some fine effects of sunlight. *A Welch Glen* (No. 216), richly green, with such lucid water,—and more of equal merit.

A Day spent on the Sea (No. 98), by ROLFE, is a most tempting basket of fish, slipping one over the other.

HERRING'S *Winter* (No. 99), is a shed full of shaggy ponies, who are manifestly longing to be free; their very countenances express weariness of the comforts of straw beds, and their preference for the open fields, even if not quite so snug.

PARKER'S *Wounded Smuggler* (No. 106), is clever,

and the story well and impressively told. We see the tight grasp of the bleeding man, as his wife dresses the wound with a look of love and anguish.

SHAYER is one of the most rising of our artists. His *Looking out for the Fishing Boats* (No. 114), is a composition of rare merit; the long flat shore depicted with the truthfulness of CLINT. A different subject, but handled with no less mastery, is *Near the Deer Leap, New Forest* (No. 228.) He has caught the spirit of the woods. *The Undercliffe, Isle of Wight* (290), is another gem.

One of the first-class pictures in the exhibition is by A. MONTAGUE, *A Dutch Port—Morning* (137). It will suffice to say of it that it emulates STANFIELD. He has caught the tinge of morning.

BRENNING's *Fishing Boat putting off* (No. 159), is very little inferior to the above, and proves that there is no lack of rising talent to sustain the reputation of the society.

No. 170 is one of CLINT's charming scenes. *A Sunset*, rich in all sunset hues, which he knows so well how to reflect upon canvas. He has again presented us with several views from Hampstead Hill, which appears to be a favourite spot with this artist.

D. WILLIAMSON's *Portrait of an Old Lady*, (No. 201), is clever and full of promise. The handling is artistic.

Boy scaring the Birds, by J. J. HILL (No. 243), is a happy reminiscence of a rural scene, exquisitely painted.

J. DANBY has imitated, not unsuccessfully, the glowing hues of F. DANBY, in his *Wreck the Day after the Storm* (No. 253), which is really a production of no common merit.

ALLEN's sketch from Surrey (No. 255), and *St. John's Vale, Cumberland* (No. 309), are two more of his veritable English scenes, always delightful to dwell upon.

In the way of still-life, we have a remarkable couple of *Dead Teal*, by SHRAPNEL (No. 262), finished with more than Dutch minuteness, and another of *Dead Game*, by MILNER (No. 273), no less perfect.

ANTHONY's *Last Glean of Day—Lake and Chapel of St. John's County Clare, Ireland* (No. 278), is a splendid work, full of original genius, and strikingly effective. We cannot share the opinions of those who charge this artist with extravagance; his manner is wholly his own, but it is nature in her more earnest moods.

HILDITCH's view of *Arundel* (No. 292) is very fine. Curious from its style, and interesting from its subject, is a rough sketch by the Hon. C. HARDINGE, of the *Field of Ferozhurkur after the Engagement* (No. 294). HILL's *Trout Stream* (No. 299) is cool and bright, with a subdued tone that shows a master's hand.

No. 301, *Rydall Hall and Rydall Mount*, is a view of the residence of the poet Wordsworth, by HAVELL, attractive from its subject, and equally meritorious as a painting.

Here we must pause, with a promise to return again to this pleasing gallery.

MUSIC.

M. ALARY'S CONCERT.—On Friday last, a concert was given by this composer, at the Hanover Square Rooms, mainly to introduce to the English public his own compositions, with the aid of Mr. SIMS REEVES, Mr. WHITWORTH, Miss LUCOMBE, and Mdlle. VERA. The first part consisted entirely of sacred, the latter of miscellaneous, music, some of which was very striking and original, with the simple fault of being rather too noisy. A full band aided the choruses. M. KRAUS, whom we have already introduced to our readers as one of the most remarkable pianists in Europe, was present, and played a norturno with his wonted power, which was loudly applauded. A very full room appeared greatly to appreciate the talents of M. ALARY.

MUSICAL CHIT CHAT.

OWING to the heavy expenses of the concert which Mdlle. Lind gave on the 3rd ult., for charitable purposes, at Exeter-hall, the surplus amounted to rather less than the fair cantatrice had anticipated; but, to her great honour and benevolent disposition, it is recorded,

she has signified her intention to make up the net profit of 700*l.* odd to 800*l.*; so that the four charities—namely, the Royal Society of Musicians, the Choral Fund, the Female Society of Musicians, and (we believe) the Governesses' Fund will each receive 200*l.*—

At the *Royal Italian Opera*, Salvi has deservedly gained great approbation for the manner in which, a fortnight since, he played, on very sudden notice, Mario's part in *Masaniello*. Up to six o'clock Salvi was not aware that he would be called upon to perform; but, although he had not played *Masaniello* for three years, and then with different words, at St. Petersburg, he made a decided hit. He was three times encoired; first in the opening barcarole, then in the duo with Massol, and in the air in the fourth act. He was called forward at the close of the opera, and much cheered. We have pleasure in recording this feat, which few artists could have accomplished so successfully under the circumstances; and also because it is seldom that a tenor, in the position of Salvi, has an opportunity of developing his powers in congenial characters.—The critics of the *National* and the *Constitutionnel* are enraptured with the music of Meyerbeer's new opera *Le Prophete*. One of the most massive musical effects is produced in the third act (there are five in all) by the employment of a full orchestra with a double chorus, and an organ accompaniment for four bands. There are only two parts of any importance, that of *John of Leyden*, impersonated by Roger, and that of *Fides*, his mother, by Madame Viardot Garcia. Castellan takes the part of *Bertha*, the Prophet's fiancée, but has not much to do. The critics expatiate at length on the magnificence of the *mise en scene*, and the wonderful stage effects produced. A rising sun, represented by means of the electric light, is perfect, and dazzles the eye like the real orb of day. The best scenes represent the Cathedral of Munster, and a banquet-hall. The incidental *divertissement* introduces the *pas des patineurs*, or skating dance, the stage being made to represent a frozen lake, with a leafless forest covered with snow in the back ground. The "last scene of all" represents the blowing up of *John of Leyden's* palace by his own hand, and the burning of the city. The horrors of a real fire are depicted with so terrible an approach to reality, that "all the spectators (says M. Héquet) shuddered with dismay, and involuntarily looked behind them to see whether the doors were open in order that they might escape in time."

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.—On Saturday se'nnight Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean made their appearance at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, for the first time this season, and were warmly received by a brilliant audience. The play was *The Wife's Secret*.—It has been determined to build a new theatre on the site lately occupied by the *Olympic*. The resolve is, in every respect, unwise.

The Easter pieces continue to run at all the Theatres, and therefore no novelties have appeared since our last.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The event of the week is the reappearance of JENNY LIND upon the stage. The entire failure of the attempt to produce an opera without scenery, dresses, or acting, but only by standing in a row and singing it through, was so palpable as to convince JENNY LIND that if she valued her fame, she must either retire at once into private life or resume her place in the lyric drama. With her wonted decision of character, she resolved faithfully to perform her engagement with Mr. LUMLEY, and as the public were dissatisfied with the form of concert which, at her request, he had adopted, to disregard her own feelings and reappear upon the scene of her triumphs. Accordingly, on Thursday she played *Amina*, and was enthusiastically welcomed by a crowded house, and she sang and acted with even more than her usual spirit and power, and we trust that her reception will tempt her at least to conclude the season, especially if it is really to be her last.

Mademoiselle PARODI is growing in favour with every successive performance. The natural timidity of a *debut* has given place to self-reliance, and the effect is seen in the full development of her histrionic powers, which are of the first order. She is greater as an actor even than as a singer. In the latter she has rivals and superiors; but in the former she is without a rival. Her *Norma* is a study of expression in face and gesture.

The new ballet of *Electra, ou la Pleiade Perdue*, is

a superb spectacle, and its effect is wonderfully enhanced by the introduction of the new Electric Light. The lost Pleiad loses her radiance when expelled from heaven for daring to love a mortal, and, on regaining her place among the celestials, by the ingenious use of the electric light, which beams as from her forehead, she eclipses all others in glory, and dazzles the eyes of the spectator. The final scene is, perhaps, the most beautiful which even this stage has ever exhibited. The music of the new ballet is graceful; the *pas* are pretty, and some of them novel; the part of the lost Pleiad is played by CARLOTTA GRISI with extraordinary grace and a truly artistic conception of the character. This ballet will have the run of the season.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—GRISI has come again in full voice and with undiminished power of expressing the passionate emotions. Signora ANGRI has also made her *début* with complete success. She brought with her a high reputation, which she has not disappointed. She is a contralto, rich in tone, and accomplished in her art. She possesses, too, the great recommendation of a handsome face and a commanding figure, with features capable of expressing the emotions. She takes the place of ALBONI in the male characters which are usually given to singers with her quality of voice, and for such her shape and movements peculiarly adapt her. In *Semiramide*, she, as *Assuë*, admirably supported GRISI. Her reception was most cordial, and she is a valuable accession to the lyric stage.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—MR. MITCHELL is about to extend his season to July. We are delighted to learn this, not only because so agreeable a recreation as the French Plays is to be continued, but because it is a proof that the spirited and liberal efforts of Mr. MITCHELL have received the reward they have so well deserved. Among the names of note by whom the stage is to be trodden, we observe those of BOUFFE, ZELGER, from the Brussels Company, and M. OCTAVE, from the Opera Comique, at Paris, who have an European reputation. COUDERE and Mdlle. CHARTON are, we are glad to see, engaged for the season. *Fra Diavolo* has been brought out in great perfection.

THE PRINCESS'S is attracting crowded benches by its new opera of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, which contains much original music, and is a work of considerable genius. The HAYMARKET varies its stock pieces every night, but promises many novelties as in preparation. The ADELPHI, as usual, has no need for change, seeing that its visitors are all London, and that everybody must see everything it brings out. SADDLER'S WELLS is maintaining its reputation as the refuge of the legitimate drama, SHAKSPEARE supplying the majority of the performances.

The other sights of the season may be briefly named for the convenience of country readers visiting town. The COLOSSEUM stands foremost as the most magnificent exhibition in Europe. The POLYTECHNIC is instructive as well as entertaining. The *Panorama of the Mississippi*, in Leicester Square, is the largest picture in the world, and worth a visit. The DIORAMA is a wonderful specimen of pictorial art that pleases everybody, for the deceptions are perfect. The PANORAMA transports us to distant places, and makes us travellers without the fatigue or the cost of a journey. The COSMORAMA does the same on a smaller scale, giving beautiful views of some five or six interesting places of the earth.

A Paris correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, in a long account of the performance of Meyerbeer's opera *Le Prophete*, describes some new stage incidents. "In the third act a ballet is introduced, in which M. Pepita and Mademoiselle Plunket distinguished themselves, but which is chiefly remarkable for the novelty introduced into it of a quadrille upon skates. Thesekates are made by means of small wheels placed under them; and the effect is so complete that it is difficult to conceive that the performers are not really upon ice. Some of the evolutions performed would have done no discredit to the Serpentine." Universal plaudits were given to the scene in the third act, where the city of Munster is seen at a distance, in morning dawn, and the day gradually opens, till at length the sun—not a sun formed of dim oil, or even of gas, but a visible sun, formed by some combination of electric light recently discovered—actually dazzles the spectator with brilliancy."

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

COUNT DE WERDINSKY has communicated to the *Mining Journal* a discovery which he believes he has made, by which a convenient, inexpensive, and highly effective motive power can be obtained from xyloidine, or gun-cotton. He crowns this discovery by another which he declares he made in the course of experiment,

for rendering the first efficacious—nothing less than a miraculous principle by which rapid locomotion is obtained without any sort of propulsion. This is his account: "I have been engaged in constructing an engine and locomotive, to be worked on the common roads by xyloidine, on the following plan. Small quantities of xyloidine are exploded successively into a copper recipient of a spheroidal form of thirteen inches in diameter, and a quarter of an inch strong in metal. Each separate explosion is adequate to produce, by means of double cylinders, a complete revolution of the crank. The object of the copper recipient is merely to allow the intense gases thrown into it room enough to expand, and thus to change their percussive intensity into a more gentle dynamic power, without in any way losing any of the quantity of that power. I can, therefore, let out from that copper recipient as much of the gases, through a stop-cock, as would produce a pressure of from thirty to sixty, or 120 pounds upon the square inch of the piston: moreover, by the very heat accumulated in the metal of the recipient, the gases are kept up to their original strength; so that, the longer the engine continues to work the greater the comparative economy of xyloidine, on account of the heat of the recipient and of the machinery, which serve to keep up great expansion, and consequently great power in the gases. My experiments with a steam-engine of about two and a half horse power, on the above principle, answered admirably; but while these experiments were going on I made a further discovery, and this last one is verging almost on a miracle. The most prominent features of my last discovery are—that the propulsion of carriages on railroads, and on common roads, will be now effected without engines, steam, fire, water, magnetism, air, or animal power, and propelling of ships without either of the above means, sails, or paddles, or any propellers whatever."

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET.

By CALDER CAMPBELL.

To feed too much on fancies, injures both
The mental health and appetite, which thus,—
Waken'd by constant use of stimulus,
—Reject all sober diet, and are loth
To take their nourishment from that strong truth,
Which fortifies the faculties in us
When they begin to totter.—Headless youth
Sickens upon rich sweets superfluous,
Until the body dwindles: so the mind
By frivolous matter nurtured, under-t es
Its own capacities; and thus be come
Useless to others, and unfit to find
Help in itself, for even those trivial weights
Whose force a wholesome spirit ne'er denums!

SONNET.

By E. H. BURRINGTON,

Author of "*Revelations of the Beautiful*," &c.
Thy bright eyes shine upon me while I write,
And cause my muse to move in sweeter tune,
Like sunbeams which so temptingly invite,
The rarest melody from birds in June.
Thy words are answers to thy speaking eyes,
And musical are they from such a cause,
As zephyrs sing the softest when the skies
Are calmly beautiful. 'Tis not applause
For which I sigh when thou art by my side,
For such would be the building of my pride,
Upon the ruin of my love.—But thou
Preserve a maiden's simple faith alone,
And all the fame to which my heart could bow,
Would be the fame of calling thee mine own.

ALMERIA.

By HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

The sun shines brighter. See the peacock eyes
Seem to glance out from the deep emerald wood.
Soft-hearted, tender, proud,—bright be his fate
Who winneth smiles from thee, O most fair maid!
Daring Ixion risked the boldest aim,
When he the high-placed Juno sought. Thou might'st
Be the young Juno, when the first was led
Up countless golden stairs, through parted heaven,
To the throned seat! The starry Jupiter,
Whose purple robe, magnificent, was set
With flames for jewels, might have put it off
For footcloth to thy slipper. Be thyself
Almeria, with clear yet dreaming eyes—
A stately grace, a virtuous ministrant—
And spotted leopards, and the lioness,
Shall playful roll and touch with velvet paw
The hem of thy white garments—pure as thee!

NECROLOGY
OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

SAMUEL HIBBERT WARE, M.D.

Dec. 30. At his seat, Hale Barns, near Altrincham, Cheshire, in his 67th year, Samuel Hibbert Ware, M.D., F.R.S. Ed., and formerly Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

He was the eldest son of Samuel Hibbert, Esq. of Clarendon House Chorlton, in Lancashire; and was born in Manchester, 21st April, 1782. His original destination, we believe, like that of two younger brothers (one of whom was killed at Vimiera, and the other received the companionship of the Bath for his services in Afghanistan), was the army; and he held for some time a commission in a militia regiment. Succeeding to an independent fortune, his natural inclination to scientific pursuits induced him to pass through a regular course of medical study. He took his degree of M.D. at the University of Edinburgh, in 1817; the subject of his thesis was "*De Vita Humana*." In the same year he made a voyage to Shetland, his attention having been directed to this quarter by the early mineralogical publications of Professor Jameson. He remained during that autumn no idle visitor, but carefully exploring this interesting group of islands, now rendered by means of steam navigation so easily accessible to the summer tourist, Dr. Hibbert produced as the fruits of this excursion, the chromate of iron, which he had found in such masses as to become an important discovery. He made a second voyage to Shetland in the following summer, chiefly at Professor Jameson's instigation, in the view both of rendering his discovery of public benefit, and of completing his geological survey of the country. For this discovery the Society of Arts in London awarded to him, in 1820, the smaller or Isis gold medal. Two years later he published, in a larger volume in 4to, his "*Description of the Shetland Islands, comprising an account of their Geology, Scenery, Antiquities, and Superstitions*."

Having taken up his residence in Edinburgh, he became, in 1820, a Fellow of the Royal Society of that city, and of other literary and scientific associations. Among the papers read to the Royal Society was an Essay on Spectral Illusions. This gave rise to his volume, containing "*Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions; or, an Attempt to trace such Illusions to their physical causes*," published in 1824, and of which a second edition corrected appeared in 1825.

As a member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, he undertook the office of Secretary; and during the period from 1823 to 1827, he was eminently successful in contributing to revive the society to a state of active usefulness. In acknowledgment of such services, the society afterwards elected him an honorary member. Among various important archaeological contributions, which might be specified, we may particularly refer to his paper on the Vitruvian Forts, a subject of great difficulty, and on which the most conflicting sentiments had been entertained.

The cause of his relinquishing his official connexion with this society, was an intention of visiting the Continent; and he spent two or three years chiefly in examining the volcanic districts of France and Italy, and the northern parts of Germany. On his return to Edinburgh, he embodied a portion of his observations in his "*History of the Extinct Volcanoes of the Basin of Newwied on the Lower Rhine*," 1832. 8vo. Another important contribution to geology was submitted to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1833, and appeared in their Transactions "*On the Freshwater Limestone of Burdiehouse, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, belonging to the Carboniferous group of Rocks*."

His attention was also directed to illustrating matters connected with his native city and county, more especially in his large and valuable History of the Collegiate Church of Manchester in 1830. Also a curious volume, printed in 1845, for the Chetham Society, "*Lancashire Memorials of the Rebellion in 1715*."

After his return from the continent, Dr. Hibbert made an extensive and protracted tour through Scotland, accompanied by Mrs. Hibbert (his second wife), who executed a series of elaborate and beautiful drawings of the sculptured stones and Runic inscriptions that exist in Forfar-shire, Ross-shire, and other parts of the kingdom. Had his health permitted, he proposed to have had these drawings engraved, accompanied with

descriptions; but after a continued residence, first at Knaresborough, and latterly at his seat near Altrincham, when he returned to Edinburgh three years ago to devote himself anew to archaeology, all his plans were frustrated by severe illness—and the complaint (bronchitis) of which he died, precluded him from being able to resume his labours.

Dr. Hibbert, by royal license, dated 28th March, 1837, assumed the surname and arms of Ware, as being the representative of the oldest branch of the family of Sir James Ware, the historian of Ireland.

He married three times; first, on the 23rd July, 1804, Sarah, youngest daughter of Thomas Crompton, Esq. of Bridge Hall, near Bury, co. Lanc. She died in 1822, and was buried at St. John's chapel, Edinburgh. Secondly, Jan. 8; 1825, Charlotte-Wilhelmina, widow of William Scott, Esq. and eldest daughter of Lord Henry Murray, fourth son of John third Duke of Atholl; she died in 1835, and was buried at Knaresborough. Thirdly, August 4, 1842, Elizabeth, eldest child of Anthony Lefroy, Esq. of York, late Captain 65th Regt. and niece to the Right Hon. Thomas Lefroy, Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. By his first marriage he had issue two sons and one daughter, viz.: 1. Titus Hibbert Ware, Esq. of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law; 2. William Hibbert, M.D. who, being assistant-surgeon in the 2nd Queen's Royals, lost his life in the expedition to Afghanistan, Jan. 29, 1839, aged 27; 3. Sarah, who died unmarried Aug. 22, 1839. By his second marriage, Dr. Hibbert-Ware had further issue two sons and one daughter, 4. Robert-Green; 5. George-Henry; 6. Elizabeth-Jessie.

(From a memoir in the Scotsman of the 13th Jan. and a genealogical account of the families of Ware and Hibbert communicated by the deceased to Burke's Dictionary of the Landed Gentry.)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

MR. FROUDE, the author of "*The Nemesis of Faith*," has resigned the Hobart Town School; his appointment to which, or rather the publication of his work immediately after his appointment, made so much noise a few weeks ago.—The monument to Cowper, to be erected in Westminster Abbey, has been entrusted to Mr. W. C. Marshall, A.R.A.—An Archaeological Society has been formed at Kilkenny, the first institution of the kind that has been established in Ireland.—The *Lincoln Mercury* says, that the palace of John o' Gaunt in that city has been sold by auction,—and the report goes that it will be pulled down. The doomed palace is generally considered to have been built by John o' Gaunt for the summer residence of Catherine Swinford, the sister of Chaucer the poet. It was at one of its windows Lord Hussey was beheaded for taking part in the rebellion against the Reformation.—It is probable that the meeting of the British Association for 1850 will be held in Edinburgh.—Mr. Reeves, of New York, has made a valuable improvement in fire bells. The great difficulty to be obviated was in repeating the blows of the hammer in the one place, by which the bell was generally cracked. This he has done by fixing the bell on a ratchet wheel, which causes it to revolve at each stroke of the hammer. The hammer is swung by a lever, and strikes in the same place only once in every twenty-four hours.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

DEATHS.

SLOWACKI.—In Paris, aged 39, M. Slowacki, one of the most distinguished of the Polish poets.

DUMERMAN.—In Paris, M. Marien Dumerman, Assistant Conservator in the Medal Cabinet of the National Library, and one of the most prolific of modern vandyke writers. M. Dumerman is best known as the author of "*Les Saltimbanques*."

MEZZOFANTI.—Lately, at Rome, Cardinal Mezzofanti—known throughout Europe for his extraordinary power in the acquisition of languages, down even to the minutest differences of dialect and shades of *patois*. His power of assimilation in this respect was something like divination. CHAUVILLER.—On the 19th inst., at 3, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, M. Charles Chauviller, the author of "*L'Indispensable*," "*Etudes Préparatoires*," and many other popular works for the pianoforte.

STEWART.—On the 4th inst., at No. 3, Randolph-crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs. Janet Stewart, relict of the late William Blackwood, Esq., publisher, Edinburgh.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION, ESTABLISHED BY ROYAL CHARTER A.D. 1720.

For the Assurance of Lives, and for Fire and Marine Insurance.

Offices—7 Royal Exchange, Cornhill; and 10, Regent-street.

The Expenses of the Life Department are defrayed by the Corporation, and not taken from the Premium Fund.

Prospectuses may be had by a personal or written application.

JOHN LAURENCE, Secretary.

CARPETS.

ROYAL VICTORIA FELT CARPETING.

THE present period being peculiarly one of economy, the Public should purchase this description of Carpeting, the advantages being, durability, beauty, and novelty of design, imperviousness to dust, brilliancy of coloring, style equal to Brussels, and at a cost of half the price. Purchasers are cautioned against spurious imitations, the Felt Carpeting being always stamped "Royal Victoria Carpeting." It can be procured at all the respectable Carpet Houses in London and its vicinity, and in all the principal Towns of the United Kingdom.

The Patent Woollen Cloth Company also manufacture Table Covers, embossed and printed, of the latest possible designs and in every variety of style and colour; thick Felt for polishing Plate Glass, Steel, Marble, Tortoiseshell, &c., &c., likewise for Veterinary purposes; Felt Waistcoatings, Cloths for Coach and Railway Carriage Linings, Upholsterers, &c., &c.; Piano Felts.

Manufactories, Elmwood Mills, Leeds, and Borough Road, London. Wholesale Warehouses, only, at 8, Love Lane, Wood Street, Cheapside.

STAYS SUPERSEDED.—Stiff

Stays destroy natural grace, prevent ease, produce deformity, and favour consumption. Curvature of the spine, so extremely common, owes its origin chiefly to this cause.

MARTIN'S ANTI-CONSUMPTION CORSET makes the figure look more youthful and proportionate, does not compress the chest or spine, is without whalebone or lacing, is warranted to wash well, and its elasticity is not affected by cold or heat. Price from 10s. to One Guinea.

Also the ANATOMICAL SPINAL SUPPORTER, a Cure for Curvature of the Spine, invisible when adapted to the Corset. Price Two Guineas; with Corset, Three Guineas.

E. and E. H. MARTIN, Surgical Bandage Makers, 504, Oxford-street (near Holborn), London; of whom may be had the Cholera Belt, 7s.; 10s. 6d.; and all other Belts, Trusses, &c.

DAMP AND GASEOUS EXHALATIONS. SANITARY MEASURES. ALL MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENTS OF HEALTH are especially DIRECTED to the most EFFECTIVE means which they can ADOPT to PREVENT the injurious and often FATAL EFFECTS upon the HEALTH of the COMMUNITY, arising from exhalations that are produced from moisture, decayed animal matter (as in grave-yards), stagnant water, and collections of fetid refuse, tending to produce a miasmatic state of atmosphere. In situations so affected, the impervious quality of the ASPHALTE of SEYSSSEL renders it the most perfect PAVEMENT or COVERING that can be relied upon for hermetically closing, and thereby preventing the rising of moisture and the escape of noxious vapours. The present extensive application of this material for covering roofs, terraces, and arches, for preventing the percolation of wet, is strong evidence of its effectiveness for the above purposes, which is further confirmed by the following extract from the Report of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts:—

L. FARRELL, Secretary.

Seyssel Asphalte Company, Stangate, London.

"In 1839, I superintended the construction of a house of three stories on the Lac d'Enghien. The foundation of the building is constantly in water, about 194 inches below the level of the ground floor. The entire horizontal surface of the external and internal walls was covered at the level of the internal ground floor with a layer of SEYSSSEL ASPHALTE,* less than half an inch thick, over which coarse sand was spread.

"Since the above date, no trace of damp has shown itself round the walls of the lower story, which are for the most part painted in oil, of a grey stone colour. It is well known that the least moisture produces round spots, darker or lighter, on walls so painted. Yet the pavement of the floor, resting on the soil itself, is only about 24 inches above the external surface of the soil, and only 194 inches at the utmost, above that of the sheet of water.

"The layer of Asphalte having been broken and removed, for the purpose of inserting the sills of two doors, spots indicating the presence of damp have been since remarked at the base of the door-posts."

* This method has been adopted at the new Houses of Parliament.

FLUTE.

By ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

THE PATENT DIATONIC FLUTE,

is entirely new, and very simple in its construction, and possesses the advantage of retaining the old system of fingering.

Letter of Mr. Richardson addressed to the Patentee.

"After careful examination and repeated trials of your PATENT DIATONIC FLUTE, I have much pleasure in informing you that I consider it the only Flute in perfect tune, requiring much less exertion in playing, and so greatly superior in the quality and power of its tones, that I have determined to adopt it in preference to all others."

JOSEPH RICHARDSON.

Manufactory, 135, Fleet Street.

A. SICCAMI, Patentee.

BEAUTIFUL TEETH.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO,

OR PEARL DENTIFRICE. A WHITE POWDER, compounded of the choicest and most recherché ingredients of the Oriental Herbal, of inestimable value in preserving and beautifying the Teeth, strengthening the Gums, and giving sweetness and perfume to the Breath. It extirpates all tartarous adhesions to the Teeth, and ensures a pearl-like whiteness to the enamelled surface. Its Anti-Septic and Anti-Scorbutic Properties exercise a highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the further progress of decay of the Teeth, induce a healthy action of the Gums, and cause them to assume the brightness and colour indicative of perfect soundness; while, by confirming their adhesion to the Teeth, they give unlimited enjoyment and fresh zest to appetite, by perpetuating effective and complete mastication.

The Proprietors of this Dentifrice pledge themselves that its efficacy in preserving and embellishing the Teeth far surpasses anything of the kind ever yet offered to the public, and has, in consequence, obtained its selection by Her Majesty the Queen, the Court and Royal Family of Great Britain, and the Sovereigns and Nobility throughout Europe. —Price 2s. 9d. per box.

CAUTION.—To protect the Public from Fraud, the Hon Commissioners have directed the Proprietors' Name and Address, thus—"A. ROWLAND AND SON, 20, HATTON GARDEN," to be engraved on the Government Stamp, which is affixed on each box. Sold by the Proprietors, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

CABINET AND UPHOLSTERY WAREHOUSE,

AND PLATE GLASS FACTORY,

24,—PAVEMENT, FINSBURY, LONDON,—24.

RICHARD A. C. LOADER,

RESPECTFULLY solicits all parties

about to Furnish and requiring Furniture, to inspect his Stock, which will be found to consist of the Newest Designs of Furniture, of the best-seasoned materials, at the lowest possible prices.

SPANISH MAHOGANY EASY CHAIRS in real £ s. d.
Morocco Leather, stuffed all hair, and spring seats, with continuation mahogany mouldings to the backs, on patent castors 2 12 0

MAHOGANY SWEEP BACK CHAIRS, with Trafalgar seats, stuffed with all best horse hair, in hair seating, carved and splat polished 0 14 6

SETS OF SIX AND TWO ELBOW MAHOGANY ROLL-OVER TOP TRAFALGAR CHAIRS in hair seating 5 5 0

SOLID ROSEWOOD CABRIOLE DRAWING-ROOM CHAIRS, all hair stuffing 18 0

ROSEWOOD COUCH to match, with Cabriole front, spring stuffed 4 17 6

SOLID ROSEWOOD CHAIRS, stuffed and covered in Damask 0 13 6

ROSEWOOD COUCH to match 4 0 0

MAHOGANY COUCH, in hair cloth 3 13 6

Ditto, all best hair, and fine Spanish Mahogany .. 6 6 0

Four-foot solid Mahogany Loo Table, French Polished 2 12 0

FOUR-FOOT FINE MAHOGANY LOO TABLE, with Star Top (very elegant) 4 14 6

FIVE-FOOT LATH or SACKING BOTTOM FOUR-POST BEDSTEAD, with eight-foot Mahogany Pillars and Cornices, or Poles 4 14 6

Ditto, very superior 5 15s. 5d. to 6 16 6

FOUR-POST MAHOGANY BEDSTEAD, without Cornices 2 12 6

JAPANESE FRENCH BEDSTEADS, all sizes and colours 1 3 6

Superior ditto 1 9 0

MAHOGANY HALF-TESTER BEDSTEAD, with Cornices 3 10 0

CHIMNEY GLASSES in Gilt Frames 2 2s. to 10 10 0

DRESSING GLASSES, in good Mahogany Frames 1 12 6

MATTRESSES and BEDDING to suit all Customers.

OBSERVE.—RICHARD A. C. LOADER,

24, PAVEMENT, FINSBURY, LONDON.

YOU MAY BE CURED YET!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

AMPUTATION OF TWO TOES PREVENTED.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Oliver Smith Jenkins, dated at Falkirk, August 13th, 1848.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I was superintending about six months ago, the erection of one of our Railway Bridges, and by the fall of a large stone my right foot was seriously bruised, which ultimately got so bad, that I was advised to go to Edinburgh to consult some of the eminent Surgeons, which I did, and was told that in order to save my foot, two of my toes must be taken off. In despair, I returned home to impart the melancholy news to my wife, intending to submit to the operation; it was then a thought struck me to try your valuable Ointment and Pills, which I did, and was by their means in three weeks enabled to resume my usual occupation, and at this time my toes are perfectly cured.

(Signed)

OLIVER SMITH JENKINS.

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand (near Temple Bar), London; and by all respectable Vendors of Patent Medicines throughout the Civilized World, in Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 35s. each. There is a very considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot and Box.

JOSEPH LOADER, FURNITURE AND LOOKING-GLASS MANUFACTURER,

23, PAVEMENT, FINSBURY, LONDON.

THE extensive celebrity of Joseph

Loader's Establishment for twenty-five years, for all articles appertaining to the upholstering business, affords a certain guarantee to all purchasers from his stock, that whatever they may select will be of the most approved fashion, and best workmanship, moderately charged.

A tasteful assortment, suitable to the decoration of the Dining, Drawing-room, Library, and Boudoir, is uniformly kept, comprising Chairs, Tables, Pier and Chimney Glasses, Cheffoniers, Drawers, Wardrobes, Carpets, Mattresses, and Bedding, at regularly fixed prices, corresponding with the wants or elegancies of household economy. Also, Self-Acting Reclining Chairs and Couches, suitable for the ease and comfort of an invalid, offered on terms which none can successfully compete with.

Descriptive catalogues may be obtained on application by any party who may be desirous to make special contract for any requisites for the commencement or completion of housekeeping, coupled with suggestions essential to insure comfort and respectability.

JOSEPH LOADER'S Portable Bedstead, which forms an Ottoman Settee, Easy Chair, and Bedstead, with three cushions, stuffed in printed cotton, on brass socket castors, 2l. 10s. to 4l. 10s.; and the celebrated Rutland Easy Chair, of fine Spanish Mahogany or Rosewood, stuffed with strong horse-hair, and spiral-springs, in real Morocco leather, 5l. to 6l.; and Minter's Patent Reclining Chair, with leg-rest, in Morocco-leather, at nearly one-half the price as charged by the patentees, whose right of patent has expired.

J. L. also calls particular attention to his Patent Air-tight Bedsteads, carpeted and polished, at 1l. 9s. and 1l. 15s., equal to the most expensive commodious, as well as the Patent Pedestal Washstands, marble top and fittings complete, particularly adapted for the office, surgery, or cabin.

PRESENT TARIFF.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Solid rosewood chairs, French polished, each	0	15	0	1	2	0
Sets of eight mahogany ditto	4	4	0	4	10	0
Sets of eight mahogany Trafalgar	4	16	0	5	10	0
Gondola easy chairs (in leather)	1	9	0	1	16	0
Langham easy chairs, spring stuffed	1	1	0	1	8	0
Reclining chairs, in leather, spring stuffed	2	0	0	3	5	0
Patent reclining chairs, with leg-rest, stuffed all hair, in morocco leather, on patent castors	6	0	0	8	10	0
Mahogany lounging chairs, carved throughout, spring stuffed, in morocco, on patent castors	3	4	0	3	10	0
Couches, with loose squabs, all hair	2	15	0	5	15	0
Mahogany loo-tables, French polished	2	12	0	2	14	0
Rosewood ditto, on pillars	3	10	0	4	8	0
Rosewood cheffoniers, with carved backs and marble tops, 3 ft. carved	3	5	0	3	10	0
4 ft. carved mahogany side-board, with drawers and four doors, collarets, and trays complete, French polished	4	12	0	5	15	6
Mahogany dining-tables, with sliding frames, loose leaves and castors	8	12	6	5	5	0
Mahogany bedsteads, with cornices or poles, sacking or lath bottoms, polished	4	0	0	4	15	0
Superior ditto, massive pillars, carved, double screwed, and bracketed round	6	6	0	7	15	6
3 ft. 6 in. elliptic washstands, marble tops	2	12	6	3	12	6
Dressing tables, en suite	2	5	0	2	11	0
Winged wardrobe with drawers in centres	8	10	0	15	0	0
Chamber chairs, with cane or willow seats	0	3	0	0	5	0
3 ft. mahogany or spanned chest of drawers	1	5	0	1	15	0
Chimney glasses, in gilt frames 50 by 18 to 40 by 24 inches	2	1	0	3	17	0
Alva or wool mattress, 4 feet 6 inches	0	16	6	0	17	6

* Shipping and country orders promptly executed, and the customary allowances made in all wholesale transactions.

JOSEPH LOADER'S Establishment, 23, PAVEMENT, FINSBURY, London, to whom it is requested—as a favour—that all letters may be addressed in full.

MR. COLBURN'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TO BE HAD AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

THE NEW NOVELS.

BY DISTINGUISHED WRITERS.

I.

THE LOTTERY OF MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE. 3 Vols.

II.

ROCKINGHAM;

OR, THE YOUNGER BROTHER. 3 Vols.

"This work abounds in interest. From internal evidence it must have been written by a person constantly mingling in the highest English society."—*Quarterly Review*.

III.

LADY ALICE;

OR, THE NEW UNA. 3 Vols.

"'Lady Alice' will excite an intense interest. It is the most brilliant debut since 'Vivian Grey.'"—*Court Journal*.

IV.

OWEN TUDOR.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

By the Author of "WHITEFRIARS," &c. 3 Vols.

"The best story the writer has yet given us."—*Examiner*.

Also, Immediately,

A POPULAR EDITION OF
MR. DISRAELI'S CONINGSBY;

OR, THE NEW GENERATION.

Complete in one Vol., with Portrait, 6s. bound.

In a few days,

ADVENTURES OF A GREEK LADY.

(THE COUNTESS DE STEPHANOS.)

The adopted Daughter of the late QUEEN CAROLINE. Written by Herself. Comprising curious Anecdotes and particulars of the Queen Caroline and her Suite not hitherto known. 2 Vols.

HENRY COLBURN, Publisher, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

Now publishing,

DARTON'S HOLIDAY LIBRARY;
a Series of Shilling Volumes for Boys and Girls. By approved Authors.

1. THE CHILDHOOD OF MARY LEESON. By MARY HOWITT.

2. TAKE CARE OF No. 1; or Good to Me includes Good to Thee. By S. G. GOODRICH, Esq., (the veritable Peter Parley.)

3. HOW TO SPEND A WEEK HAPPILY. By Mrs. BURBURY.

4. POEMS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. By ADELAIDE, one of the amiable authoresses of "Original Poems."

5. THE YOUNG LORD. By CAMILLA TOULMIN. In the press.

DARTON and Co., Original Infant School Depot; and Juvenile Library, 58, Holborn-hill, London.

Fifth Edition, with 15 superior Engravings, in 18mo., 3s. cloth.

MARY AND HER MOTHER;
or, Scriptural Stories for very Young Children.

"These are certainly the most simple and engaging Scriptural Stories we have seen. It is a delightful book for young children."—*Universe*.

Sixteenth edition, with Woodcuts, by BEWICK, price 2s. cloth.

TRIMMER'S HISTORY OF THE
ROBINS. For the Instruction of Children on the Treatment of Animals.

N. B. This is the only complete edition containing Bewick's beautiful designs.

WARD and Co., 27, Paternoster-row.

SOWERBY'S ENGLISH BOTANY.

Re issue in Monthly Parts, at 3s. 6d.,

MRS. SOWERBY begs to state that Part XXII., completing the second volume, will be ready on the 1st of May, price of the volume, 17. 19s. 6d. cloth boards. Cases for binding the Parts, price 1s. each, may be had through all Booksellers. A few copies of the work on hand; Vols. 1 to 7, 14l. 7s., Vols. 8 to 12, 13l., cloth boards.

3, Mead Place, Lambeth.

THE ART AND PRACTICE OF ETCHING.

This day is published, cloth bds., price 6s.

THE ART AND PRACTICE OF

ETCHING, with Numerous Examples. By H. ALKIN. This Work contains full instructions for the successful cultivation of the above fashionable and amusing Art, and also for the Study of Soft Ground Etching, Aquatinta, and other varieties of light Engraving.

London: S. and J. FULLER, Gallery of Fine Arts, 34 and 35, Rathbone-place.

THE LONDON INDISPUTABLE LIFE
POLICY COMPANY,

FOR LIFE ASSURANCE, ENDOWMENTS, AND REVERSIONS,

No. 31, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

TRUSTEES.

John Campbell Renton, Esq. | Richard Spooner, Esq., M.P.
M.P. | James Fuller Madox, Esq.
Richards Malins, Esq., Q.C. | William Wilberforce, Esq.

DIRECTORS.

William Adams, Esq. | John Hamilton, Esq.
John Atkins, Esq. | James Fuller Madox, Esq.
Henry Augustus Bevan, Esq. | John Matthews, Esq.
John Dangerfield, Esq. | C. O. Parnell, Esq.
Robert Henry Forman, Esq.

AUDITORS.

George Cumming, Esq. | Samuel Field, Esq.
James Turner, Esq. | William Ghrimes Kell, Esq.

MEDICAL ADVISER.

BANKERS.

Benjamin Phillips, Esq., F.R.S.

Messrs. Spooner, Attwoods, and Co.

THIS Company is prohibited by their Deed of Constitution, from disputing a Policy upon any ground whatever.

Solicitors have written as to this feature of the Company, "As the principle adopted by your Office is the only one upon which a party can, with safety, insure, I shall not fail to recommend it in all cases in which I may have any option."—"The principle of the Office seems to me to supply the one thing needful."—"As by your plan we are relieved of serious responsibility in negotiating Policies for our Clients, we shall certainly send you all our business." Half-yearly Reports of the progress of the Company may at all times be seen at the Office.

ALEX. ROBERTSON, Manager.

TEAS.

WEST END QUALITY.

CITY PRICES.

CONGOUT, 3s. 4d., 3s. 8d.; Fine, 4s.; the Finest, 4s. 4d. per lb.
HILSON, 4s., 5s.; and Finest, 6s. per lb.
GUNPOWDER, 5s., 6s., and 7s. per lb.
COFFEE, 10d. and 1s.; and in air tight Canisters, 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., and 1s. 8d. per lb., warranted no Chicory.
NAPLES MACCORONI, 7d.; Semolina, 10d.
FINEST ARROWROOT, 1s. 6d. per lb.
ISINGLASS, Best Brasil, 9d.; and Best Russian, 1s. per oz.
GEORGE ARMSTRONG, 42, OLD BOND STREET, four doors from Piccadilly.

CHEAP STATIONERY.

THE following Prices are those of a Manufacturing Stationer, whose Papers, Envelopes, &c., are all cut and packed under his own inspection, and is thus enabled to supply the public with goods much below the generality of Stationers, most of whom are mere buyers and sellers.

Full size Satin Note Paper, 3s. per ream.
Good thick Satin Cream Laid Note, 4s. per ream.
Ditto, ditto, of very superior quality, 6s. per ream.
Best Ivory Cream Laid, 8s. per ream.
Large Commercial Note, 4s. per ream.
Black Bordered Note, 4d. per quire, or 1s. 6d. for five quires.
Ditto, Thick Satin ditto, 6d. per quire, or 2s. for five quires.
Ditto, Best Cream Laid, ditto, 8d. per quire, or 2s. 6d. for five quires.
Queen's size Note ditto, 6d. for five quires—less.
Black Bordered Adhesive Envelopes, 1s. per hundred.
Ditto, on both sides, and Cream Laid Paper, 1s. 6d. per hundred.
Envelopes, Thick Satin, Adhesive, 150 for 1s. or 6s. per thousand.
Thick Cream Laid ditto, 1s. per hundred, or 8s. 6d. per thousand.
Letter Paper, 5s., 6s., 9s., and 12s. per ream.
Foolscap Paper, from 8s. to 18s. per ream.
Large India Note Paper, 6s. per ream.
Fine Blue Wove Draft, 8s. and 10s. per ream.
Brief, 17s., 19s., and 21s. per ream.
Best Vermillion Wax, 3s. 6d. per lb.
Self-sealing Envelopes, Initial or Devices, 1s. per hundred.
Envelopes made to order and stamped with Name, Crests, etc., at a trifling extra cost.

All the above Papers are warranted free from imperfect sheets, and can be had in Quarter Ream Packets.

Orders with a remittance, if over 20s. carriage paid to the country.

WILLIAM PARKINS, Manufacturing Stationer, 25, Oxford Street, (opposite Soho Square), London.

MEDICAL, INVALID, AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

25, FALM MALL, LONDON.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

AT the last Annual Meeting, held on the 30th November, 1848, it was shown that the business of this Society had materially increased during the past year; 508 new policies were issued, yielding in annual premiums £7,609 12s.

A bonus was also declared, by which nearly 2 per centum per annum was added to all the participating policies. The following abstract will show the effect of this bonus on healthy lives, and on one of the most numerous class of diseased lives:—

Bonus to Policies issued on Healthy Lives at the age of 30 and 60

No. of annual premiums pd.				Sum assured.				Bonus added.		Sum now payable.		No. of annual premiums pd.				Sum assured.				Bonus added.		Sum now payable.		
		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
7	1000	114	15	9	1114	15	9					7	1000	195	19	4	1195	19	4					
4	1000	65	11	11	1065	11	11					4	1000	111	19	7	1111	19	7					
1	1000	16	12	2	1016	12	2					1	1000	27	6	5	1027	6	5					

Bonus to Policies issued on Consumptive Lives at the ages of 30 and 50

No. of annual premiums paid.				Sum assured.				Bonus added.				Sum now payable.			
£ s. d.				£ s. d.				£ s. d.				£ s. d.			
7	1000	175	17	1	1175	17	1	7	1000	254	15	3	1254	15	3
4	1000	105	6	8	1105	6	8	4	1000	150	15	3	1150	15	3
1	1000	27	13	9	1027	13	9	1	1000	39	4	9	1039	4	9

Copies of the last Annual Report, Forms of Proposal, &c. sent free on application to

FRANCIS G. P. NEISON, Actuary,

25, Falm Mall, London.

LONDON:—Printed and Published by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 103, Stanhope Street, Mornington Crescent, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, 25, Essex Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the City of Westminster, on Tuesday, the 1st day of May, 1849.

